University Archives

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medium II

Quote of the week

"Perry Meeker might be an asshole, but I still think he will do a good job."

Paul Gordon
Acclaimed V.P. Administration
On the weaknesses and strengths of running mate & Presidential hopeful, Perry Meeker.

Erindale College Student Newspaper | Tuesday February 27, 1989 | VOL. 15, ISSUE 20 | Circulation 7,000

Referendum to settle controversy

Students will decide on ECSU G.P.A. requirements. page 3

"EXCUSE ME GUYS, BUT, DID YOU PICK UP THESE ASSIGNMENTS YESTERDAY"

Thursday (Location: south entrance, Erindale College 8:45): A few cars make their way, without any problems, to the South Building.
9:45 (Sub-zero tmperatures and a heavy wind): There are ten or more individuals slowing traffic all the way down Mississauga Road.

ARTS
Pg. 17
King 'Enry's Feast a feast of comedy.

FEATURES
Take a Lesson from those with Learning Disabilities
Pg. 6 & 15

SPORTS
The Playoffs Begin
Pg. 18 & 20

FREE ALBUMS

The first person in our office at 1:00 on Thursday can have a choice of Black's *Commedy*, the soundtrack for Bill and Ted's Excellent Adventure, or the Balancing Act's *Curtains*. Make haste, these albums are hot (no knives or guns in the line please - we will disqualify such individuals).

medium II

NEWS

NEWS IN BRIEF

DUCK GROWS UP

The Blind Duck Pub Management Board has approved some changes to the pub that will bring the local watering hole up to more professional standards. The changes include an extension of last call from 12:15 am to 12:45 am with a 1:30 closing time and the opening of the Pub for regular business and for Thursday Pub night during exams.

LAND SALE PASSED BY ECC

A proposal to declare a six acre parcel of Erindale land as a surplus asset to the College, was passed unanimously at the last meeting of Erindale College Council. The parcel, known as the Cornfield, may now be sold or leased in order to raise funds for capital projects at the College.

DIG DEEPER KIDS

ECSU will ask Erindale students to vote for a $2.50 increase in their compulsory non-academic fees, bringing the annual levy to $24.25. The Student Union has not asked for an increase in its levy since 1982. ECARA will also ask for a fees increase. All full-time undergraduate students will be asked for an additional $2.00, bringing the annual ECARA levy to $46.00. Both referenda will be held on March 8 and 9.

ECSU SEXIST?

A number of Erindale students have complained recently about the annual Mr. Erindale contest, to be held later this spring at the Blind Duck Pub. Arch feminist Derrick Hempel says that, "This is another example of the blatant sexism endorsed by ECSU in their sponsorship of such events as King 'Enry's Feast." Hempel feels that the student union should spend its money fighting sexism, not promoting it.

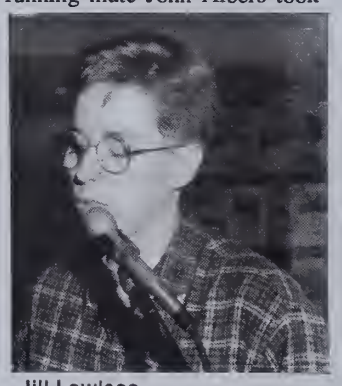
SAC Roadshow comes to Erindale

by Maura Crowther

"I'm a big boy, I think I can manage to write my own letters and arrange my own appointments." SAC Presidential candidate Chris Thiesenausen criticised the need for a Presidential Executive Assistant, launching his "Serious Fun" campaign at Erindale.

Candidates for President and Vice President of SAC gathered at Erindale's Meeting Place last Wednesday for a public forum.

Thiesenhausen, an Innis College student and Scarborough running mate John Albers took the most clearly lighthearted approach to the forum and the race in general, although the pair's broad program of financial, administrative and social reforms demonstrate that they are clearly not a joke ticket.



Jill Lawless

ECSU University Liason Director Al O'Hanlon is running for the Vice Presidential slot with SAC External Commissioner Tom Brown. O'Hanlon addressed the small crowd familiarly as he outlined some of the ideas for change in his ticket's platform. O'Hanlon suggested Erindale-oriented improvements such as moving the SAC Free Films to the Pub, noting that, "these (SAC Free Films) aren't Gilligan's Island re-runs, they're good movies and deserve a good atmosphere."

The Charles Blatteberg/Kristin Honey ticket has been touted by SAC hacks as the front-running team of the race.

Many reconsidered this evaluation, however, after Blattberg brought forward his scheme to use surplus SAC funds to build a tunnel under the dangerous Queen's Park Crescent crossing downtown.

Blattberg and Honey also want to hold, "a kind of Royal Commission on SAC," adding that, "SAC has been floundering for years."

Jill Lawless of University College and Erindale's David South have organised an unprecedented Socialist Action Slate for this year's SAC race. Both Lawless and South were greeted enthusiastically by their Erindale supporters.

Lawless listed some of the Socialist Action Slate's goals, including, "an end to the racism and sexism institutionalised by our curriculum," and a call for students to, "say no to elitism at U of T."

South spoke of the need for broader access to the University, participation in the Ontario Federation of Students and the need to build, "a progressive student movement geared for change."

Lawless assured the crowd that with progressive students elected to SAC, it, "will not be business as usual."

Florida trip gets *bus*-ted

by Darlene Durrant

A Chicago-based tour company claims that it was, "in no way negligent," in the stranding of eighty students on a Reading Week trip to Florida.

The students, many from Erindale, were subjected to a nine hour school bus ride, after paying for a luxury coach, then left stranded outside a truck stop near Jacksonville, Florida in the middle of the night to wait for the coaches to arrive.

Bill Ryan, president of Intercampus Tours told ***medium II*** that his company had been, "supplied incorrect information by the bus company," but refused to elaborate on how this resulted in a forty six hour delay in the students' arrival home.

Tanya Nolan, a first year Erindale student says that the ordeal began at the group's hotel in Fort Lauderdale. Said Nolan, "some school buses pulled up at the hotel. We refused to board them but were told, 'either you get on or you don't go home.'"

The school buses were to take the students to a rendezvous point where coaches were supposed to be waiting. Nine hours later, they were abandoned at a truck stop outside Jacksonville and told that the coaches, which had apparently been stranded in a Virginia snowstorm, would be along presently.

Nolan said they waited there for four hours when, a number of fed-up students telephoned their parents for plane tickets home. The remaining students sat in the truck stop parking lot in, "zero-degree weather with nothing on but summer clothes," said Nolan.

Eventually, the John's County Sheriff's office was notified of the situation. The group was taken to a community centre in nearby Palm Valley, where residents generously donated food and mattresses.

Greg Lowes, a third year Erindale student who helped market the tour on campus said, "We got nervous when the school buses showed up and phoned head office of Intercampus to make sure that there were, in fact, coaches waiting for us."

Upon arrival at Palm Valley, Lowes and other tour organisers began telephoning, "the tour company, the Sheriff's office, every reporter we could find, and the Canadian Consulate," in an effort to publicize the group's plight.

Eventually, a number of coaches were procured and the students arrived back in Toronto at 10:00 pm on Monday evening.

Lowes has been in contact with the Mississauga Mayor's office which will consider sending a letter to the Governor of Florida recognising Palm Valley's generosity to the Canadian students throughout the crisis.

Although there has been some talk of suing Intercampus tours and their Canadian affiliate Travel Cuts, Lowes says that the Ministry of Consumer and Corporate Affairs has advised the group to take a different course of action. Travel Cuts immediately offered each student $50.00 in compensation for the delays and discomfort of the trip home but Lowes says none have accepted this offer to date.

On the advice of the Ministry, each student will submit a report on his or her ordeal to Travel Cuts with individual demands for compensation. The company will have ten days to respond to the reports, following which the Ministry will take action on behalf of the students.

Hart House

Hart House Elections

For your Student Representatives,
On Hart House Committees

Finance Art Recreational/Athletics Farm:

Your Ballot Counts on Wednesday, March 1

Polling locations

Erindale Campus: Info desk South Building
10 am-4 pm

St. George Campus: Hart House Map room
10:00 am

*Bring your Student Card

ECSU to let students decide on Director status issue

Meeker and Lee still oppose implementation of GPA requirements

by Maura Crowther

ECSU has voted to let the Erindale students decide whether good academic standing is to be a prerequisite for membership on Council. The Student Union's by-law revision committee presented Council with three amendments to the by-laws designed to clearly exclude students on academic probation or academic suspension from holding director's positions at ECSU.

After much debate, the amendments were passed at two consecutive ECSU meetings with more than a two thirds majority of Council. This means that the proposed by-law amendments can be considered by Erindale students in a referendum to be held March 8 and 9.

Known as the Director Status Clause, the proposed amendmenta have been the cause of some confrontation between current ECSU directors. Vice President-Finance, Perry Meeker, has vehemently opposed any restriction of this sort since last year when, as Community Relations director, Meeker voted against a by law revision proposal that would require all directors to maintain a Grade Point Average (GPA) of at least 1.5.

Meeker's opposition to this year's proposal is based in his contention that all Erindale students who pay ECSU incidental fees, regardless of academic performance, deserve representation on Council. Meeker feels that such individuals, "can't be represented by a Council from which they themselves are barred." At last Wednesday's ECSU meeting, Meeker noted that, if Erindale students were to favour the amendments, a situation where, "you can do everything else at school if you're on probation except sit on Council," would emerge.

To this allegation, ECSU President Gianni Ciufo returned, "You may be able to do everything *in* school if you're on probation, but you'll never get *out* of school with less than a 1.5 GPA."

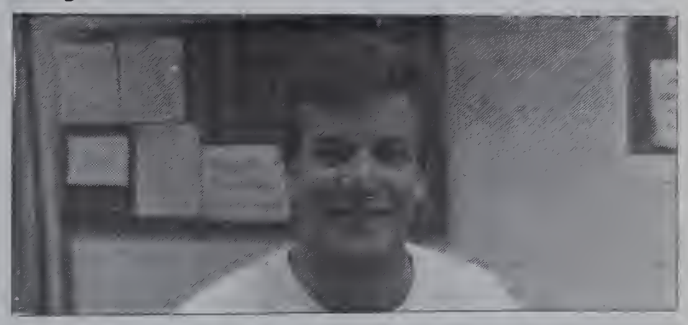
Ciufo has defended the proposed amendment on the grounds that students with low GPAs should be encouraged by ECSU to concentrate on academics rather than further burdening themselves with the responsibilities of an ECSU portfolio.

According to Vice President-Administration Meredith Strong, despite the amendment's failure to pass on initial reading at Council most Council members are in favour of the Director Status Clause. Strong felt that the Directors, "didn't realise that even if it passed in Council, the amendment would go to a student referendum for ratification."

For this reason, Strong presented the proposal, with emphasis on the referendum requirement, to Council on February 22 where it was passed with a vote of nine in favour and three opposed and again on February 24 where the vote was nine in favour and two opposed.

Among the opponents to the amendment were Meeker, Promotions and Sponsorship director Brent Kilner, and Advertising and Employment director Cindy Lee. Lee was embroiled in controversy earlier this year when it was revealed that she herself was under academic suspension. Presently, the ECSU by-laws are ambiguous on whether individuals who are not in good standing with the Registrar's Office are eligible to hold ECSU positions. Meeker, who is considered the front runner in the election for next year's ECSU President, says that he has, "no plans to raise the issue again," should the Director Status by-law receive student support in the referendum.

If approved by a two thirds majority of students, the Director Status by-law will not affect the 1989-90 Directors, but will be enforced during elections for ECSU's 1990-91 Council.



ECSU President Gianni Ciufo has GPA of more than 1.5.

Teaching Assistants hit the bricks for a better deal

by Steve Satchel

University of Toronto teaching assistants (TAs) went on strike late last week, and there are no signs of an early settlement.

According to Canadian Union of Educational Workers (CUEW) local 2 Chief Spokesperson, Stephen Guy-Bray, talks have not resumed between the union, which represents the University's 4,500 TAs, and the University administration.

"Bargaining has ceased, but we have told the University that we are ready to talk, we're anxious to get back to the table," says Guy-Bray.

According to Guy-Bray TAs were satisifed with the financial offer they recieved from the University but are totally unhappy over issues of job security, overwork in terms of time and class size, and their inability to file individual grievances over hiring practices; an option U of T TAs had until 1984.

Striking TAs picketed Erindale's South Entrance last week.

The strike has already been partially successful in disrupting activity at the University .

Picketers started blocking entrances to Erindale last Thursday. Both inter-campus shuttle bus and Mississauga Transit bus drivers have refused to cross the picket lines. Thus forcing riders to wait for buses on Mississauga Road.

According to Erindale Principal Desmond Morton, however, there has been little disruption so far within the College itself.

The TAs have been encouraging all College members to boycott classes in support of their contractual demands.

While some professors and students are refusing to cross the picket lines, for the most part it is business as usual at Erindale. Despite the Union's contention that they have received letters of support from U of T Library workers and custodial staff no job action has been implemented by any of these groups.

All unionized workers at the College, from caretakers to food service employees, will continue to work as normal, Morton says. He does not expect the other campus unions to violate their own contracts by taking illegal strike action in support of the TAs.

Morton himself was angry with union officials who have claimed that he drove through a picket line, "knocking down," a picketer with his car. ***medium II*** was unable to substantiate that charge, although Guy-Bray claims the individual in question "is a friend of mine." He refused to elaborate further.

Morton, who is a Labour historian and has published a comprehensive history of the NDP, claims that such charges are deliberate efforts to provoke publicity and confrontation.

"It's nonsense, I suppose they are doing it for fun," he said.

Morton is not the only one who feels the TAs have a crediblity problem. Marian Boer, Head Don of Erindale Residences says the TAs might have garnered more support from undergrads had they gone about the strike in a more professional manner.

"It's been a fiasco so far," she claims,"They are losing credibility because they are not informed and in turn they are not informing students. "

Some students are already expressing concern that cancelled classes and the lack of TAs as markers and advisors may prove costly to their own academic performance.

"We haven't had too may compalints yet, just calls from students wanting to know if classes are cancelled," says SAC Vice-President Helen Christadoulou, "I think it is too early.

SAC has no plans to make an official statement about the strike at this point."

SAC meets to dispose of cash

by Tom Kelly

The SAC Board finally made some concrete decisions at last week's meeting. The revised budget, which has been before the board since December of last year, was approved with very little actual debate concerning its contents.

However, the meeting was extended into the early hours of the morning because of extensive and long-winded debate of the upcoming referendum questions and the "special projects" made possible by the unexpected budget surplus this year.

A list of expenditures for special projects was approved by the SAC board, including $10,000 for a tri-campus recycling program, $15,000 for both Erindale and Scarborough to improve computer facilities, $500 for the establishment of a volunteer centre, $500 for a fax machine, to be purchased in coordination with U of T Alumni, and money was also provided for the purchase of coffee urns.

SAC Vice-president Helen Christodoulou introduced a motion that would have seen the remainder of the surplus returned to the respective colleges and faculties on a pro-rated basis, which would have meant that Erindale would have received the largest portion.

SAC representatives would work with their respective college councils to develop worthwhile projects.

Christodoulou argued that this was the most efficient method to return money and services to the students.

The overwhelming majority of the board voted against the motion, arguing that the money should be used for all University of Toronto students. The SAC representative for Forestry said that a pro-rated system of payments would leave the smaller faculties with insignificant amounts and that only the larger colleges would benefit.

Only four members of the Board voted in favour of Christodoulou's motion, including Erindale rep and ECSU presidential candidate Derrick Hempel.

The other issues covered at the meeting were the referendum questions to be included with the ballots at the SAC elections.

Journalistically apalled by the News Section??

DO IT!

Applications are now being accepted for the position of

News

Editor

at *medium II*

Anyone can apply

PERSPECTIVE

Since 1974

medium II is the Official Student Newspaper of Erindale College, at the University of Toronto. *medium II* is published weekly by Medium II Publications, a non-profit, incorporated organization. The opinions expressed herin are those of the editors, and are not necessarily those of the corporation.

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It's Sunday night, my seminar is at noon. No sleep for 2 nights . I'm tired and I am really sick of my own whining so I imagine how you all feel. Five more, I keep telling myself. If only professors understood. I want to do some school work. Pag, LD: roll 'em up . But really, it's an action shot. At least humour reigned in the end. Congrats on the Litt Supp, kids (esp. SZ). Special thanks to Norm re: Photos.

Interested in Editorship of some kind?
Come in and find out what it takes
Don't forget ... Paddy's Penny Pub March 17

Talking Heads

What do you think of the TA strike?

Boris Laic

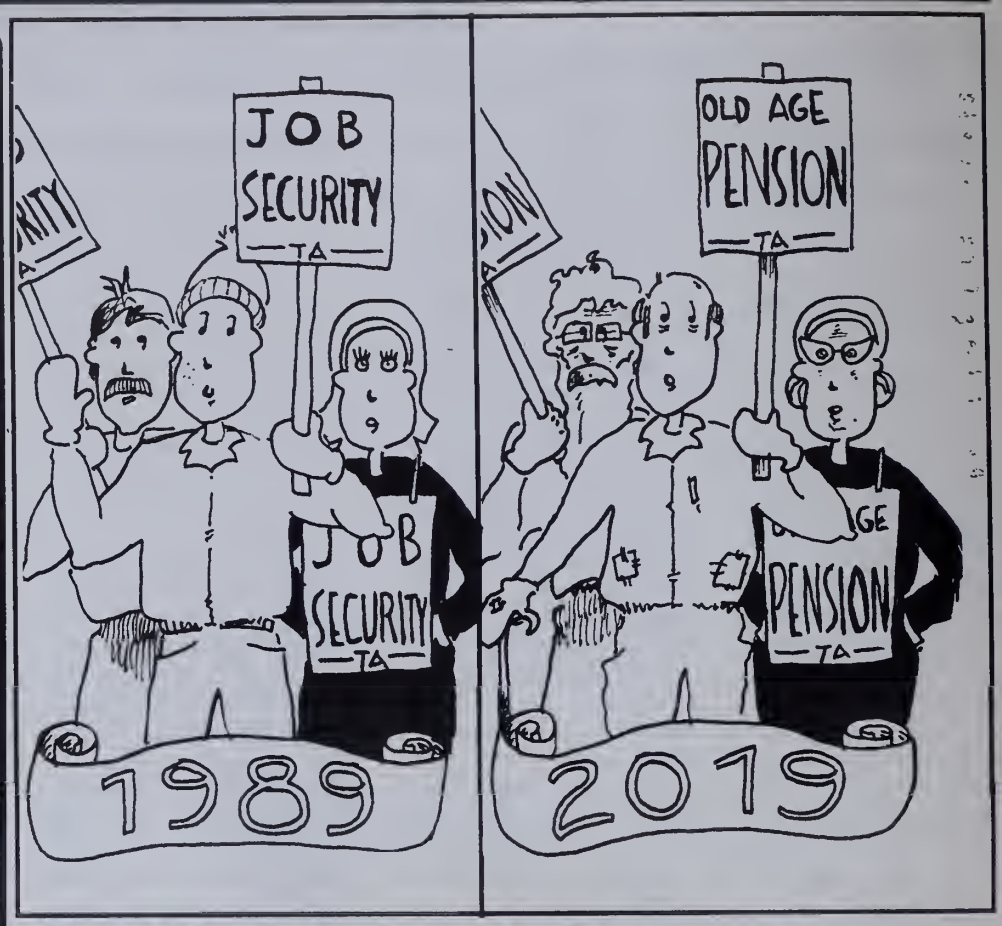
"I think that a lot of them say that they're doing it forus for a better quality education but I'm not sure how much I believe.."

Renu Srai

"I think their demands are reasonable and I think the University should stick together and support them""

Thom Harley

"It's ridculous. I don't think they have the right to ask students to boycott classes or library services."



Solidarity is not for students

University of Toronto teaching assistants walked off the job last Thursday claiming that the University's "Final Offer" was no where close to meeting their demands. The Canadian Union of Educational Workers, which represents the TAs, claims that the main grievances are matters of overwork, working conditions, fair hiring practices, and job security.

But the pamphlets and the arguments that the union is using to explain their position on the strike are misleading.

CUEW's proposals to limit class size and increase the number of TA's would be beneficial to everyone at the university. Yet everyone knows that the money isn't there to finance the union's demand for two hundred new positions. It is simply outrageous that the chief union spokesperson Stephen Guy-Bray would suggest using money from U of T's $100 million *Breakthrough* Campaign to finance new positions. The union is barking up the wrong tree. They ought to be at Queen's Park asking for increased government funding for universities. The *Breakthrough* campaign is designed for improvement of capital resources, not long term salary increases.

Which brings us to another point.

The University's offer of 5.5% in the first year of a three year agreement with increases of five, six and seven per cent in the relevant pay categories in the remaining years is fair and equitable.

The most questionable aspect of the TA's demands, however, focuses on the issue of job security which actually amounts to tenure for TAs. The union is demanding that current TAs have priority over new graduate students in all job placements. In short they can stay on forever, irrespective of their performance. What nonsense. For the sake of academic vigour and equal opportunity it is essential that new students have the same chance that current TAs have had.

Being a teaching assistant is not supposed to be long term work and asking for job security is ridiculous. If they want to create a sub-professional group of professors they can do it somewhere else.

The only legitimate grievance the TAs have is that they should be able to launch individual appeals about hiring practices- a right which they had until 1984.

The right to strike is essential in a free society and everyone should therefore be prepared to be patient with hold-ups and hassles that result from this inconvenience.

Solidarity, however, should be saved for reasonable causes. As such, sensible students and professors should continue to attend classes and use libraries and administrative facilities. Students should feel no guilt about getting on with their education and getting around the strike.

ALL THIS COULD BE YOURS...

Nominations for Editor-in-Chief are open until March 6 at 5:00 pm
Submit cover letter and resume

Election Forum March 8 at Noon, medium II office, Crossroads Building

Election March 10

Intimidation not necessary in AIDS information

L.S. Cattarini
Guest Columnist

At what point does our legitimate concern for public health become illegitimate?

You know you are living in an age which lacks propriety when public relations become part of public relations.

The recent attempt to use blatant nudity in an Ontario College of Art student paper is a prime example of going too far, since the publication was intended to be generally rather than discreetly available.

Those who would save us from AIDS through advertising do not know the difference between necessary warnings and unnecessary obscenities.

Must we be intimidated in order to be informed? Such tactics look a lot like the force-feeding of cod-liver oil to infants.

Are we that helpless?

To think someone really believed it necessary to create a song-writing contest, for preventing the spread of AIDS among adolescents, even more ludicrous; serious instruction is turning into vicarious entertainment. Yes we must be severly warned, even frightened about the danger of the disease.

But as far as explicit details are concerned, that belongs not to pervasive public exposure, but to special clinics or counsellor's offices or other medical institutions located throughout commercial as well as residential districts, wherein persons can obtain whatever information is pertinent to them without restriction. Exclusively erotic publications as well as books restricted to adults would be the other appropriate forum. Preventing AIDS needn't be done loudly advocating a lifestyle when the essential thing is to ask everyone, in the gravest manner, to examine his or her lifestyle and act accordingly. Our sense of public decency was not held hostage by earlier plagues of gonorrhea and syphilis, so why must paranoia now replace discretion?

L.S. Cattarini was a co-editor of the short lived Parkdale-Trinity Voice and is now involved with various social issues.

What they really do with all that time and money

Government as an entity has been a trendy topic for discussion this year. Even in the news section of our very own *medium II*, things governmental prevail.

We've got candidates of every sort engaged in a feeding frenzy of popularity-grubbing, referendum questions bouncing from every wall, people walking out on strike and the usual bewildering plethora of meetings discussions and gab-fests.

I've sat through meetings and talked to endless and officious bureaucrats in training.

I've stood by and watched someone nearly shove his thumb up the Prime Minister's nose, been officially referred to as a bitch (so what else is new—you know what you are Perry) and found myself agreeing with Darryl McDowell.

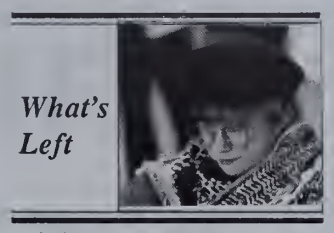
I haven't decided yet whether it's me losing my mind or just the rest of the world spinning off its axis. Perhaps, as Arthur Dent says, things have always been this way and I've just been too wrapped up in myself to notice.

As elections approach, tradition behooves the journalist to critically analyse what has gone before and offer advice to those who will come after.

Let us engage, then, in a sharing of some key experiences in the political life of this fine institution.

Picture, if you will, the SAC Annual General/Board Meeting. One of our fine Erindale reps has happily encouched himself on the floor in Croft Chapter House.

He sits amid a litter of agendas, financial statements and minutes arguing the finer points of plum brandy with tea and the fact that the room is full of dufai (plural of



dufus) as he, with collegial glee, opens his briefcase, proceeds to make a bologna and cheese sandwich and then invites the startled St. Mike's types beside him to join his picnic.

Helen and Bill, that fun loving couple we all thought were so cute about this time last year have been reduced to sending memos to one another in lieu of conversation.

Meanwhile on the home front, ECSU holds its own in the realm of bureaucratic officiousness. Directors miss meetings because they're tired or hungover.

Some show up to meetings in these states.

Some even leave meetings rapidly when the consequences of an evening of overindulgence become manifest in a hasty visit to the bathroom.

ECSU Director's reports are also a fun thing, often exploring new and innovative trends in the misuse of the English language.

It has only taken until March, but the fine folks behind the green window have finally embraced the idea of proofreading the minutes of weekly meetings *before* they are photocopied and distributed.

At the root of all this is a basic failure to communicate.

This, in my humble opinion as one for whom communication is life itself, is the essential and inherent problem in student government.

There are people who just enjoy hearing their own voices so much that they forget what it was they were talking about or trying to do.

We are fortunate in one sense here at Erindale. ECSU has not yet degenerated into a sustained haven for student political hacks. There is little in the way of rhetorical ballet.

Before the Erindale political hopefuls sustain injury patting themselves on the back, however, they should remember that, as Erindale grows, so grows the evil tendency for hackism.

Good luck to all of the virginal, bushy tailed new ECSU candidates.

I'll still be around this time next year to sweep up the pieces.

Maura Crowther is News Editor at *medium II*, but only for five more weeks.

LETTERS

medium II welcomes letters on any issue. Letters must be typed and are not to exceed 300 words in length. Content which is judged to be libelous, sexist, racist or homophobic will not be published. Please be concise. Letters may be edited for brevity, but it is standard ***medium II*** policy not to edit letters for grammatical mistakes. All letters must be signed and include a phone number for verification purposes. Mail can be dropped off at our office in room 18 of the Crossroads Building or through Campus Mail in the South Building.

What's wrong with What's Left?

What's wrong with Maura Crowther, is she majoring in cynicism, or something? Maura, kick back, have a beer. Some of us who are still idealists read your column on the SAC election and are chipping in to send you some flowers. Cheer up Maura, you're still young (although you're looking more like Dick Smythe everyday). And remember, there is only 245 shopping days until Christmas. By the way, I hear there's a sale on anti-depressants. Perhaps an overdose is in order.

Ron Wener

Environmental Clean Up

Ontario has taken part in the banning of CFCs destroying our life saving ozone layer. What we the people have to do is urge our leaders to increase the pace so the rest of Canada can get involved to make this a nation-wide goal. If we continue to put the pressure on, as we have in the past, it will leave them nothing but to take a stand on saving our ozone. The problem is that so many people feel they cannot make a difference, but we can!

Ozone destroyers are not merely in an aerosol can but in the foam of car seats, insulators and egg cartons, coolants such as air conditioners and the solvents used to clean electronic circuit boards. There are alternatives to all of these and if we cut down on their use, it all helps. You can write your MP or the Hon. Tom McMillan, Minister of the Environment. Make a voice from Erindale for Canada! The ozone will repair itself if we only give it a chance.

It is about time we had a normal summer that we, our children and future generation can enjoy without hiding for fear of the sun's ultraviolet radiation. This is a serious matter CFCs nor UV radiation are stopped by international boundaries. This means support from government, industry and each one of us.

Chris Landy

ECARA want more, again

This year there will be a referendum held for a $2.00 increase in athletic fees.

Without a fee increase last year this represents only a 2% increase over the last two years.A fee increase would help E.C.A.R.A. maintain its high level of programming for next year.

This year E.C.A.R.A. provided sixteen intramural leagues and tournaments, twenty-eight interfaculty teams, varsity rowing, recreational squash and badminton, instruction classes, a well equipped weight room, and much more.

Athletic and recreation programming at Erindale exist because students want it, need it, and use it.

E.C.A.R.A is proud of the support for the programmes it offers, however, it is becoming increasingly difficult to meet the rising costs of equipment, uniforms, and facility maintenance associated with these programmes.

This is why E.C.A.R.A. is asking you, a student and participant, to support the referendum.

This programme is for you.

The referendum will be held in conjunction with E.C.A.R.A. elections Monday, March 13th and Tuesday, March 14th.

Please vote.

Trevor Wilkshire
E.C.A.R.A. President

Editor's Note: You conveniently forgot to mention that students already pay you over forty dollars in incidental fees, twice as much as ECSU, and that you have had more fee referenda at Erindale than any other organisation in the 1980's.

By the way where do you plan on hiding your polling booths this year?

Mr. Erindale contest is sexist

We are disturbed to find that our student union is engaged in the kind of sexist practices promoted in the Toike Oike. We hold Meredith Strong, Julie Vespi and Cindy Lee responsible for the offensive nature of their ad for the Mr. Erindale contest. The time is past when such blatant gender stereotyping is considered acceptable.We urge all socially conscious members of the Erindale community to boycott the Mr. Erindale contest in protest of ECSU's inexcusable attitudes.

James Hermann, Bernadette Warnes, Harvey Stevens

Second class SAC treatment

Racial Unity Week's Megafiesta ably demonstrated the existence of considerable talent and enthusiasm on the Erindale and Scarborough campuses. Unfortunately, it also demonstarted the lack of respect for satellite campuses that has too long characterized the St George Campus student government. I am the piano accompaniest for the Erindale Choir, which performed at the Megafiesta show. The "piano" we were provided with was nothing short of appalling. It was an ancient collection of scrap wood and metal that must have been hauled away from someone's garage for a song and a dance. The sustain pedal didn't function, and neither did a third of the notes. It was also grossly out of tune.

Two other acts used the "piano' that evening: the Erindale stage band, and a vocalist form Scarborough Campus. I myself was chagrined to see that the one St. George performer who might have needed a piano to accompany her brought her own canned music. She must have been forewarned of the piano's condition. My question as an Erindalian is "why weren't we?"A very basic Roland electric piano or equivalent can be rented from any music store for $100 a night. Is SAC really trying to say that Erindale and Scarborough are not worth $100 from their coffers for an evening. amere pittance, I'd say, compared to what they are getting from us each year. Or do they truly enjoy making monkeys of us. I am not the only person who enticed friends and family to buy tickets for the show, and unknowingly subjected them not only to a poor piano and a half-hour delay in getting started, but also to the embarrasing, tasteless ramblings of a SAC "comedian."

Richard Robert Kallio

***medium II* is now accepting submissions for guest columns. 350 word maximum**

Classifieds & Notices

SOUNDS, Mississauga Arts &Entertainment Magazine is looking for an articulate, energetic individual to look after odd jobs. Pay $10 per hour. You should have access to a car. Call Nolan, 566-7361

YO Bumbaclaad! Ya man, we did the Reggae in Jamaica! Voodoo dolls, Candice's CUTE sunburn and nose paint for the PM. Sven says, "Irie, man."

ARMENIAN students Association General Meeting. March 3 7pm. Please attend this important meeting. Call Ani 492-8625 for location. TBA. Admission $1.00.

15 studnets are required immeidately to assist the university in our $100 million Breakthrough campaign. Good jobs with good wages, and bonuses. Call 323-3200.

NEEDED: person to work at sportswear store. send namne and phone number to: P.O> Box 7437 Oakville, Ontario L6J 6L6

WANTED: married couples for sociological research. A student in Sociology of the Family is in need of couples where wife is principle wage earner. Please call Keith at 824-4265

ANNE from Acapulco. Please call me sometime. Roland 698-7717.

BANK on getting a tan this summer. Earn $8-10/hr. with College Pro painters. See the placement office or call Tony at 536-3700. Positions available in all areas. Tony Valle 2733 Lakeshore Blvd. W. Etobicoke, Ont. M8V 1G9.

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MY eyeballs are on fire. Will somebody please tell me why I am doing this? Scheffer, you're DEAD!

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medium II

FEATURE

Dyslexic struggles at Enirbael Colleep

by Joanna Henderson

Sean, not his real name, sits quietly considering the future. In front of him he has the Erindale College Calendar, but unfortunately, that's not what the cover appears to say. To Sean, the letters are confused, backwards and transposed. To him, the cover says, "Enirbael Colleep."

Since Sean was a child in elementary school, he was aware of the fact that he could not learn like other kids. He could barely read and had a hard time writing. His teachers labelled him "lazy", "a slow learner", and his peers called him "stupid."

Throughout high school, Sean was often tempted to give up: to become another dropout statistic. Fortunately, though, the source of his difficulty was recognized in enough time to keep the opportunities for graduation and university open.

And now Sean sits contemplating his future at "Enirbael Colleep."

This is the typical scenario of a dyslexic student. Dyslexia is one of a variety of information processing disabilities which are referred to as Learning Disabilities. According to the Learning Disabilities Association of Canada:

"Learning Disabilities is a generic term that refers to a heterogeneous group of disorders due to identifiable or inferred central nervous system dysfunction. Such disorders may be manifested by delays in early development and/or difficulties in any of the following areas: attention, memory, reasoning, coordination, communication, reading, writing, spelling, calculation, social competence, and emotional maturation.

Learning Disabilities are intrinsic to the individual, and may affect learning and behaviour in any individual including those with potentially average, or above average intelligence."

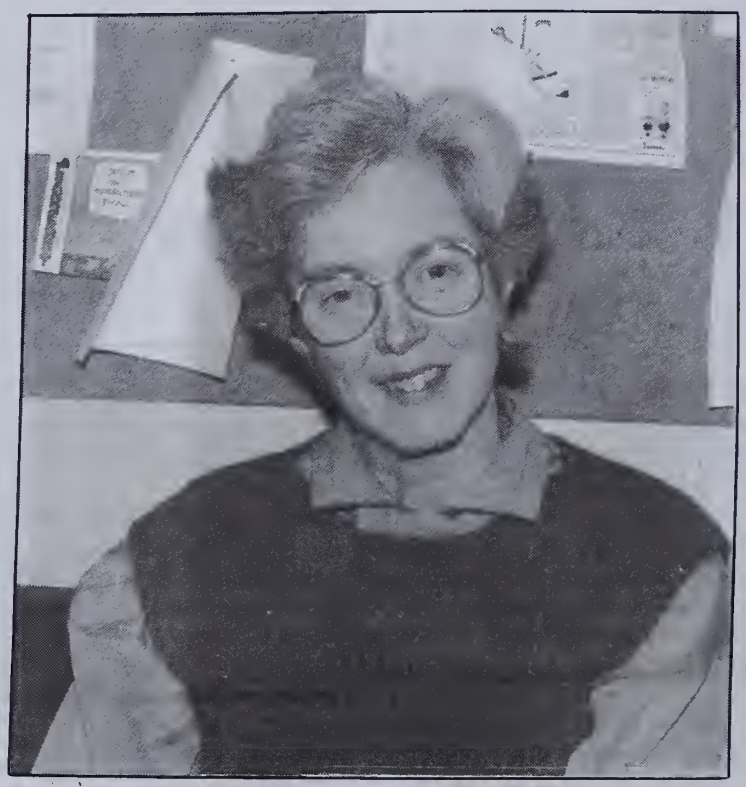
Simply, learning disabled people cannot receive, process, and/or transmit information in the same way as others.

Unfortunately, even though from ten to fifteen % of people suffer from some form of learning disability, there is a severe lack of awareness in society.

Considering that our technologically advanced society is supposed to be one of information exchange, it is astounding that such information processing disabilities are overlooked.

Relatively few people recognize that students such as Sean may have the potential to go much further than society is now allowing.

Dean Silcox: not satisfied with current arrangements.



Eileen Barbeau: lobbying for a portion of $4 million earmarked by the Ontario Government for all underrepresented groups.

This dismal attitude seems to stem from the fact that learning disabilities are an invisible handicap. Learning disabled people are not in wheelchairs, they don't carry white canes or wear hearing aids. You can't pick them out walking down the street.

As a result, they can be in the educational system for a long time before they are ever identified. This experience is usually very frustrating and often leads to a premature end to the student's education.

Many see Sean as a success.

After all, he made it through high school and is now contemplating a university education, something that many learning disabled students only dream of accomplishing.

However, even if these students make it as far as Sean, one road ahead is still very difficult.

They will face an increased amount of reading material and greater emphasis on independent study. Furthermore, they will encounter a great reduction in support services.

Here at Erindale, for instance, there are at least twenty diagnosed learning disabled students, yet no specialized services exist.

To receive services, the student must contact the Services for Disabled Persons office located on the St. George campus. Eileen Barbeau does her best to meet the needs of all disabled students at the University of Toronto.

She acts as an advocate for their admission and provides follow-up support and services.

Four million dollars has been earmarked by the Ministry of Colleges and Universities to increase the representation of under-represented groups such as Native Canadians and disabled persons.

Barbeau is hoping that recent lobbying will result in an increased share of that meagre amount going to disabled persons in university.

The University of Toronto's share of this money would be used by Barbeau's department to increase staff and improve equipment.

Until this money is made available, little can be done to alleviate the staff shortage and lack of special services at Erindale.

Underfunding creates serious problems for learning disabled students. Assistance is not close at hand, and transportation problems may go ignored until it becomes serious.

"Learning disabled students of Erindale have even had to come to St. George to have longer times and private conditions for writing exams," Barbeau said. "Somebody should be there [at Erindale] for them to talk to."

The Dean of Student Services at Erindale, Dean Silcox, has suggested that the establishment of an Erindale office for disabled persons is the first thing that should be done in order to improve the services available, not only to learning disabled students, but to all disabled students.

Presently, Dean Silcox is "not satisfied with the arrangements we have," and feels he "won't be happy until we have this central office."

The importance of the office's accessibilty has been demonstrated on the St. George campus.

"When we moved from the sixth floor of the Faculty of Library Sciences to the Koffler Centre," Barbeau said, "we noticed an enormous increase in drop-ins and general use of the service."

Lack of awareness among professors about learning disabilites, is still another difficulty that the learning disabled will encounter when attempting to pursue a university education.

One student's experience led him to believe that "a lot of professors don't even know it exists."

A random survey of twenty Erindale professors was taken for this article to determine attitudes toward learning disabled students and the accommodations they would be willing to make to meet their special needs.

About half the professors were not even sure what the term learning disabilities referred to, in addition to this, the results indicated that only five percent of professors recalled ever having received information regarding learning disabilities from the university, although thirty five percent said that they have had, at some time, a learning disabled student in their class.

Furthermore, many professors were uncertain about

What Profs Can Do t Learning Disabled or

Professors should...

1. ...be aware of learning disabilities and the needs of learning di students.

2. ...have a clear syllabus outlining expectations, vocabulary and ation methods for the course.

3. ...begin each class with a brief review of the previous class outline of the topics to be discussed. End each class with a summ important points.

4. ...emphasize key concepts and terminology with an overh

the existence of services for these students.

As a result, no professors felt that they were in the position to agree with the statement that "The services offered for learning disabled students at Erindale are sufficient."

When Dean Silcox was questioned about the availability of information for professors, he replied that none existed.

He went on to explain that if a professor is faced with a student whose problem he is not familiar with, the professor should contact the Registrar's office, which is, in his opinion, the "key agency."

Unfortunately, awareness is an important aspect to effectively helping learning disabled students adjust to the university system.

"Many of the LD [learning disabled] college and university students would have had a less difficult time if," according to the study *The Adult Functioning of Children with Specific Learning Disabilities* by Margaret Bruck of the McGill MCH Learning Centre, "the staff of these institutions had been more aware of and sensitive to the problems of the LD individual."

As one learning disabled student pointed out, "How can they help if they don't understand?"

"Most professors haven't experienced difficulties so they don't understand," Barbeau explained. "Also, learning disabilities are much harder to understand than obvious disabilities."

The solution to this problem is very apparent.

Not only the University of Toronto, but all Canadian universities should embark on a campaign to raise the awareness of their professors. They should provide information and even training if that's what is necessary.

There is no legitimate reason for professors to be unaware of a disability that at least ten percent of the population suffers from. According to Dean Silcox, a major part of the problem at Erindale would be solved by the existence of a central office on campus.

"If we had an office with a sign over it," Silcox said, "more people would be aware."

Yet another problem faced by learning disabled students in most universities in Ontario, is the range of services that the universities provide.

Seventy-three per cent of Ontario universities allow for extra time on exams, provide taped texts, and allow for oral exams in extreme cases, according to *Resources: 1988-89, A Guidebook of Services for Learning Disabled Students at Post-Secondary Institutions in Ontario*, published by the York Region Board of Education.

As a result of the Ministry of Education's Bill 82, learning disabled students have been receiving better elementary and secondary educational services. Consequently, increasing numbers of these students are entering into the university system.

Since it is imperative that learning disabled students process information in the form that best suits their disabilities, the universities ought to meet their specific needs.

The Learning Disabilities Association of Canada reasons that because the Canadian Constitution states in section 15(1): "every individual is equal before the law and has the right to equal protection and benefit of the law without discrimination," the right to an education which allows every individual to reach his full potential is also guaranteed.

To reach this goal, universities should be directing their attention toward the need for the establishment of a programme for the development of learning strategies.

The learning-strategies approach concentrates on teaching students how to learn rather than on teaching them specific content.

This approach has been used very successfully at the University of Nebraska-Lincoln, and at Landmark College.

The University of Carolina also discovered that tutoring in this area was a very effective way to carry out the programme.

In a 1984 study they found that the grade point average of learning disabled students could increase by as much as 1.67, with an average of only three hours of tutoring per week.

Evidently, this is an approach Ontario universities should be investigating.

Presently, only twenty percent of them provide tutoring.

Barbeau summed up the situation: "It's getting better, but there's a way to go."

Chemistry Prof Uses Other Learning Methods to Overcome Disability

by Joanna Henderson

Dr. Jon Van Loon is a professor of analytical chemistry on the St. George campus. He is a very articulate man, who, although having struggled all his life with a severe learning disability, has accomplished a great deal.

Van Loon is as the author of over 100 articles and of six books. To him, it isn't "any great triumph" that he has gotten to where he is today.

He earned his Phd and taught for many years before being diagnosed as dyslexic at age forty one. He recalls many embarrassing moments in front of his classes.

Once he was sketching the Great Lakes on the blackboard when the class began to laugh. When he asked what was so funny, the students pointed out that he had drawn the lakes backwards.

At the time, Van Loon was not aware of the fact that these problems were all a result of his yet-to-be diagnosed disability. Now he knows that his visual memory is in the lowest tenth percentile of the population and his auditory memory is in the fortieth percentile range.

This means, as he puts it, "I can't learn by reading a book...I read a page and when I get to the end I know what the last word was, but that's about it."

As a child, he remembers being labelled by teachers as, "a slow learner, having brain damage, or simply being lazy."

His grades reflected strengths in some areas, but he consistently failed French and English. His spelling was atrocious, and he had no organizational skills.

By the time he reached high school, he knew he had to devise ways of accommodating for his difficulties. The turning point came when he received a negative mark for typing.

"I came up against it [the learning disability] there," he explains, "and that was where I started to compete with people to improve my situation."

According to Van Loon, it was this competitive nature that motivated him at all times. That and his incredible discipline, he credits as the keys to his success.

Regardless of his academic successes, he feels "that I'm a lot smarter than I make myself out to be." He often feels "stupid" in many real life situations, as is the case with most learning disabled people.

To Van Loon though, the important point simply is that "the phrase 'learning disabilities' is really inappropriate... We have to stress that these people are 'special learners'. They are a group of people who learn differently. If they are given the tools, they can do reasonably well and live up to their full potential."

o Assist All Students, Not

chalkboard, keeping handwriting large and clear.

isabled

5. ...use many visual aids but also describe them verbally.

evalu-

6. ...provide explicit feedback both oral and written about the strengths and weaknesses of a student's work.

and an
nary of

7. ...provide office hours during which students can seek help.

ead or

8. ...be willing to allow for reasonable adjustments in evaluation procedures.

Did You Know That...

•ten to fifteen percent of people in society suffer from some form of learning disabilities?

• more than 800,000 Ontarians and two million Canadians are known to have learning disabilities?

• learning disabled people have average to above average intelligence?

• it is estimated that within a typical jail population at least 40% of inmates suffer from learning disabilities?

• the following gifted people all had dyslexia?

Thomas Edison
Albert Einstein
Leonardo DaVinci
Hans Christian Anderson
Winston Churchill
Nelson A. Rockefeller
Woodrow Wilson

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GOVERNING COUNCIL

Governing Council Elections for full-time and part-time undergraduate students are being held by ballot box. The dates and times of voting on the Erindale campus are as follows:

Evening Polls:	March 6th - 9th, 1989 5:00 p.m. - 9:00 p.m. Meeting Place
Day Polls:	March 8th - 9th, 1989 (Jointly with SAC) 10:00 a.m. - 5:00 p.m. South Building: Meeting Place North Building: Outside cafeteria

Printed below are the candidates' statements that were submitted as part of the nomination form.

Governing Council

Full-Time Undergraduates - Arts and Sciences

Pelino Colaiacovo

As a member of this year's Academic Board, I have become more familiar with some of the issues facing University of Toronto students. Concerns with the lack of residence space, poor student-teacher ratios, and constant underfunding are virtually always at the forefront of Governing Council debate. Effective representation of students' views on these difficult issues is both necessary and desirable. I believe I have the ability for this job. Thank you for your support.

Natalie Derzko

Being a strong outspoken advocate, I recognize the need for effective student representation on the Governing Council. More emphasis needs to be put on making U of T friendlier and more accessible to students. We benefit from U of T's social and academic diversity, but also need to be heard on issues from examinations to entertainment. Students must come first. Your voice on GC is Natalie Derzko.

Diana Groskaufmanis

As a third-year student, I want to join with previous student Governing Council representatives who have shaped university policy regarding the sale of university lands, student housing and anti-apartheid policy. I will work to ensure that if a matter comes to Council that affects you, you will know about it. Key decisions are being made at our university; our voice must be heard. I will work to earn your trust.

Kerry Hayward

The Socialist Action Slate is the only alternative for students sick of the status quo. We demand a democratic university. End racism and sexism through student control of curriculum and a fully funded women's health clinic on campus. SAC must join the Ontario Federation of Students. Only through a united youth movement can we fight the crises of access, housing, and under-funding. Join the struggle for control of our university, support the Socialist Action Slate.

Raghu Krishnan

The Socialist Action Slate is the student's alternative. We believe student representative should organize students to fight for control of what goes on at OUR university. Corporations, the military, and government-appointed *administrators* have no place on our campuses. The university should be run by students, faculty, and staff to address the problems of the world we live in. Casting a vote is NEVER enough. Students must organize to bring about genuine change.

Catherine Moroz

My one year's experience on Governing Council has allowed me to see the importance and scope of its responsibility. ACCESS will be replaced by telephone registration. A housing policy was recently drafted. Many issues have yet to be addressed: land development and overcrowding (both related to underfunding) and an academic discipline policy review. Your representative must be able to voice the concerns of students in making information and conscious decisions on these issues.

Part Time Undergraduate Students

Jake Leishman

No statement was submitted.

Barry McCartan

I am seeking re-election to Governing Council so that I can continue to protect the rights of part-time students. As a member of GC, I have fought actively for part-time access to family housing, improved funding for child care, and more student input into planning U of T buildings, especially residences. I also represented part-time students in deciding who would select the next President of U of T.

David Power

Rapid changes are taking place within the University as it seeks to redefine itself and prepare for the challenges of the coming decades. Strong representation on Governing Council is necessary for part-time students to insure their place and rights within the University. I seek a fourth term as you representative because I believe that my experience and commitment and my understanding of the issues and the process can provide you with a strong voice.

Academic Board

Full-time Undergraduate Students - Arts and Sciences

John Beishlag

I am a St. Michael's College student, in my second year of studies at U of T. I hope to serve as a member of the Academic Board of Governing Council, as I feel my energy and enthusiasm will help me represent the students of U of T at this very important institution.

Sharon Cardash

If you want your concerns and needs conveyed to Governing Council's Academic Board, I will do the job. As Finance Commissioner of U.C.'s Student Council, and as a member of both College Council and the U.C. Scholorship and Bursary Committee, I have the experience necessary to represent your interests, as they relate to crucial matters such as admissions and enrolment policies, and curriculum regulations. For effective representation, vote Sharon Cardash.

Dirk Laudan

I am interested in academic issues, particularly the problems students face with the complex nature of the U of T's academic structure. Also, I am concerned with recent changes in curricula and academic programmes. My experience on the Trinity College Joint Board of Stewards give me insight into the way things work on a University governmental level, and I can be an effective and articulate advocate of student interests.

Louis Murillo

Reasons why you should vote for Louis

1. The quality of education at U of T is dropping sharply
2. Bursaries for undergrads are virtually unheard of
3. You should not have to pay just to see your final exams
4. Visa students should not have to pay so much.

Challenge apathy, and a mediocre intellectual experience. Vote Louis.

Peter Naglik

The Academic Board in its first year has become one of the most important bodies at U of T. As a Scarborough College student I hope to lend a strong suburban point of view to the Board. I feel my experience at SAC, Hart House and SCSC will give students a strong voice on the Board. I would appreciate your support.

Penny Vlahos

No statement was submitted

BRING YOUR STUDENT CARD

A full-time student is define as one who is enrolled in four or more full-course equivalents over two terms. A part-time student is enrolled in less than four full-course equivalents.

medium II
presents the third annual

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

Special Pull-Out Section

Editor • Steve Szigeti **Co-Editor** • Finn Lovsted **Typesetting** • Maura Crowther

Erindale Campus has not, at least in recent years, offered creative arts students a favourable environment in which to improve and promote their craft. This is unfortunate, because as you will realize in reading this collection of poetry and prose, there is considerable creative talent at Erindale which demands a forum for expression. This is what we hope that this Literary Supplement provides for not only the writers, but the readers. Within you will find work that reflects a wide range of styles, literary techniques, and artistic concerns. Enjoy.

• **Steve Szigeti**

Santiago Dream
by Maura Crowther

Chilean child of hunger
Rips glossy burger ads
The cardboard shack papered with Sara Lee
And the Rosary falters in her shadow
Downtown the sound of despair
Echoes off the shanties
While non-judgemental rain
Stains Coca-Cola ivory tower
Pungent odor of rancid pineapple
Drenches the proud poverty
While the secret police violate dignity
Like rats in an open grave
Global vultures hover
Like the vampires they drain
Bled white, a nation submits
Under the reign of a pimping president
Oppresion of the masses
Tyranny of the few
Ideological idols in a religion of fear
Offer no savior
In the hills red guerillas plot
Freedom from poverty
From the right, from the left
From the hunger in the hope
Of a Santiago dream

The Love Shuffle
by Rick Gadziola

The fifth floor hotel room smelled of cheap cigar smoke and warm beer. Seven solemn men sat circled around the wide cloth-covered oval table; one of them slowly, but very deliberately, shuffled the deck of cards while eyeing the cigarette. He stopped, tossed in a blue chip and dealt two cards to each of them. As he dealt, he felt a strange, almost human, emittance coming from the cards in his hand...

****

"I wasn't expecting to find you here...," said the Jack of Spades, suddenly alone with his secret—and extremely precarious—mistress.

"No I imagine you weren't." The Queen of Hearts, bashful, but beautiful, looked over her right shoulder—as she must—at her dashingly handsome lover. Like many others, she had first taken notice of his one-eyed condition, the result of a battle won on behalf of her husband, the King. Unlike many others, she had taken the time to notice, perhaps unwisely, the long golden hair, the fine chiseled features, and the black handlebar moustache; all of which had set her heart on fire, like a schoolgirl in love. "You've put me in a spot you know." She tried to sound convincing as she softly chastised him.

"I was hoping to," he smiled back. Jack glanced over his scepter and noticed with sadness, that four other cards had already been dealt face up in front of them. He could tell that the game was seven card stud and realised that their time, alone together, side by side, was nearly over.

"Uh-huh," the Queen of Hearts coyly teased. "And what's the rest of your plan?"

The dealer was about to deal out the last card.

"Impromptu, I guess..." said Jack, and he leaned over to administer a farewell-for-now-my-love kiss; one full of passion and desire; a simple, yet sweet expression of a love forced to be hidden from all others.....for all time.

As their hungry, burning lips were about to alight, the seventh and final card joined their company.

"My God!!!" boomed the King of Hearts in a pained and bitter voice that resembled a roll of thunder.

The King glared at the mortified pair of huddled lovers as he slowly, and surely, eased out the hidden sword from beneath his spendid cape.

Just at that moment, the holder of the cards pulled the King out of the trio with a grunt of disgust and examined the crimped corner of the card. With another grunt, followed by a rumbling belch, he flung the card aside.

Jack and The Queen, now safely alone and forever together, looked at each other with utter astonishment and weepy wet eyes. They were truly united for all eternity.

Another belch broke their amour.

Two beefy paws picked up the now defunct deck, ripped them in half, and scattered the pieces amongst the plates of half eaten Chinese food that lay on the floor behind.

A new deck was called for.

A Glass of Water
by Darlene Domagala

Frederick was not going to ask for the glass of water.

He had his suspicions that they had forgotten it on purpose. This way they would have an excuse not to keep refilling it. They were too interested in each other's clothing to be concerned for his welfare. One glass of water. They knew his throat got dry, terribly dry and especially in such a smoke filled room. Well, he would not ask for it, shouldn't have to really so they could chatter about nonsense all night for all he cared.

"Hey Pop, Julie's making the dressing according to Ma's old recipe. She's determined that her's will be even better than Ma's. I don't think that's possible, do you?"

Frederick's head shot up. He narrowed his steel blue eyes and peered speculatively around him. The voice was faint, hollow sounding but he could still hear every word. He was positive it was Frank talking. Why, it had to be Frank; this was Frank's house so why else would Frank's wife be making the turkey's dressing if she wasn't in her own home. He finally spotted Frank, sitting in the opposite corner drinking a beer. Frank's losing even more hair than Billy, Frederick mused to himself, and gaining more weight too. Well, his sons couldn't blame him for their hair loss. He still had a full head of hair that still needed to be trimmed once a month. They must have gotten it from Clara's side. He watched Frank nod at him and then smile. Of course Frank could smile, he had something to drink. Frederick looked away from his eldest child.

Frank had panelled the entire living room. Did a pretty good job too, Frederick had to admit, except for the choice of wood. Pine was too light for this room, should have used a darker stain maybe. That Julie probably forced Frank to make such a foolish choice. He had warned Frank not to marry her. Her skirts were too short. He had told both of them just that, right to their faces—had to make a clean slate of things. Frank had never listened, even as a child.

He shifted in his chair. The chair's wood, he was sure, had splintered and was now poking his back. And he wearing his good beige sweater too. Frank had not given him much time to dress. He was glad he had sent this sweater down to the laundry just the week before. The administrators had not told him he was going out for the holiday. He had fully expected to spend Thanksgiving in his room. He hadn't gone out at Christmas. Frank and Billy had come to see him. Frank had brought that stupid little plastic tree and a beige sweater wrapped in bright green paper. He had given them five ten dollar bills, one for each of his grand children. Ten dollars was not much but children nowadays were much too spoiled although his own grandchildren were not a bad lot.

Frederick bent his grey haired head over to examine his socks. Good, they were both beige. He felt more comfortable knowing that his clothes matched from head to toe. He didn't think clothes were so important that they warranted being a topic of conversation but it did a person good to know that he was at least presentable. He coughed. It was a dry, rough sound. There was an acidic taste in his mouth. If only he could get up and get a glass of water himself. These damn rocking chairs weren't meant for a body, young or old, to get out of without some problem. Maybe Billy would help him. Billy was a good lad, not headstrong like Frank.

"Where's Billy?" Frederick asked aloud. How anyone could hear him was beyond Frederick. There were twenty people chattering away and the television on no less. The young ones were nearby, right in front of the television. Billy's Gerald was almost eight. Surely he could fetch his grandfather a glass of water.

"Gerald," Frederick called, his voice sounding very raspy and weak. The boy looked at him quizzically, brows knit over pale green eyes. Why, the boy has Clara's eyes, Frederick thought incredulously. Why on earth had he not noticed before?

Gerald eyed his grandfather warily. He looked around him. No one had seemed to notice his grandfather speaking. He searched the room for his father but Billy was nowhere in sight.

Frederick pulled his wiry frame to the end of his chair. He began to rock back and forth. he steadied the moving chair and reached over to where his polished cane leaned against the wall. Grasping it tightly, he hoisted himself up slowly. A flash of pain streaked up his spine and Frederick grimaced. He pulled himself up to his full height and breathed deeply. He was sure he could make the few steps to Gerald without any help. He did not want any help. At least not from anyone in this room. Gerald would get him some water. Gerald was a fine young man with his grandma's eyes. Frederick to a tentative step forward, feet sinking into the plush beige carpet.

Gerald stared intensely at his grandfather. His two younger cousins got up quickly and moved away from the television as their grandfather approached, Gerald knew he should move also, his mother had told him to do so if anything like this were to happen. But Gerald could not move, he was rooted to the carpet, transfixed on the tall, frail figure slouching towards him.

Suddenly Gerald was snatched from in front of the television. Frederick stopped and beheld the spot upon which his grandchild has once sat and now did not. He shook his head and stared at the carpet. Had Gerald really been there at all?

"I thought you were going to watch him?" a shrill, female voice cried. Frederick looked confusedly around him. It had become very quiet. All eyes in the room were on him. Frederick stepped back. Who were they to stare at him? They were all a bunch of unmannerly and overpriviledged children. They should show more respect to their elders than to sit and stare like that.

"Billy and I just went out back for a minute," a male voice rang out. "For Christ sake Julie, he just got up and walked around a bit. What harm is there in that?"

"Frank, he was approaching the children," the same female voice responded in an agitated manner.

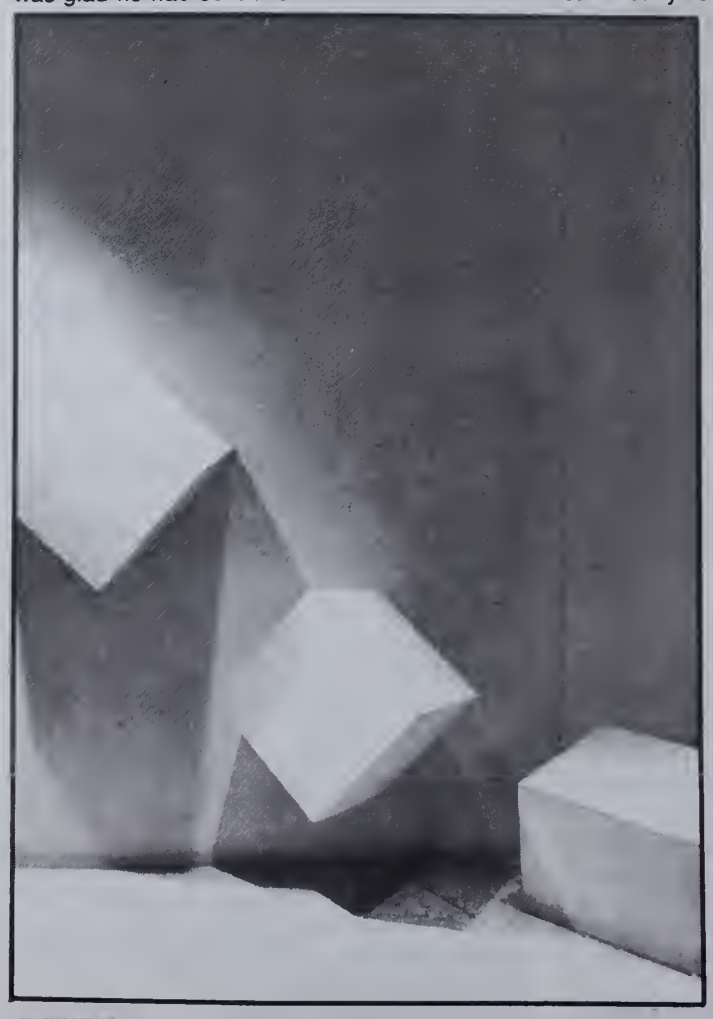
"Would you be quiet. He's not deaf, you know. Anyway, he would never hurt the children. What happened last year was an accident," the male voice reasoned softly.

"He kicked your daughter down the stairs, or don't you remember the fourteen stitches it took to close the cut on her forehead?" the female voice hissed.

"He didn't mean to. She crawled behind him and grabbed his pant leg. He didn't even have his glasses on. You know that."

Julie turned to face Frederick. Frederick saw hatred in her eyes, and had to step back in response to its strength. Frederick was confused. He wanted to speak, to set them straight, but his mouth was too dry. He hadn't ever been here last year. He had been out at the home. Frank had brought him that little tree. Young people never remembered things correctly. Frederick slowly make his way back to his chair. He remembered Frank never had a good memory, even in grade school. That Julie was probably no better. Well, he had told them not to get married. He gently lowered himself back into the chair, his knee bone snapping loudly in the silence. The chair began to rock slowly. It was still quiet in the room. All that senseless jabbering had tuckered them out. It would do them good to rest their mouths a bit. Maybe not they could really concentrate on the true meaning of Thanksgiving and forget about their clothes.

Frederick sighed and then coughed deeply, spittle flying from his mouth. He glanced at the table beside him. He should have known better, there was still no glass of water.



Rainshower
by Lisa Bendall

I've been through many storms before,
But something sets this one apart.
I feel that this is something more,
A quiver deep within my heart.
There's something growing, bit by bit,
It's prelude to a weather change;
I don't know what to think of it,
For something's just a little strange.
The warning signs are all the same,
But no one's stopped to take their pause.
It seems I'm staying in the game,
And this alone defies the laws.
It's not too late, I know that now;
There's shelter, should I choose to run.
But maybe time has taught me how
To wait the storm out for the sun.

String
by Steve Satchel

My parents are third generation Canadians. They met each other in high school in Winnipeg. It was two weeks after they had been going out together before they realised that they were both of Italian descent. For the most part they speak English at home. Even my grandparents speak mainly English unless they are with relatives, or they don't want people to know what they are saying. To us, maintaining our heritage has more to do with food and religion than it does with language. To my mom, for example, ethnicity is based more on Fettucini Alfredo and church gossip than it is on language. The other night, mother made her favourite dish.

Dinner went something like this:

"Tony have some salad, will you? I made it just for you—just like your Mama makes it. And Adrian eat your garlic bread or you'll get no more fettucini. I don't care if it's too crusty. You want to grow up like your cousin Alphonzo? That boy doesn't eat right I tell you. Hamburgers and french fries. You'd think he was brought up in the Bronx or something.

"Mama, the Bronx is mostly Italian, " I countered.

"Well Toledo, then. I dunno. Somewhere in that dreaded country."

"Why is it Rosa, that every single dinner we must discuss your relatives or 'that dreaded country'?" asked my Dad.

We all laughed, except Mom.

"You ever watch television, Antonio LaVigna? In every American program Italians are depicted as gangsters, or high school drop outs or both. Any country that glorifies an Italian like Sylvester Stallone...As for my relatives, I won't even get into that or we'll be fighting about your mother," she snapped.

Dad was in a good mood because he didn't start with the 'what's wrong with Mama' routine. Instead he said:

"So watch the CBC if you don't like the American programs, or watch MTV and brush up on your Italian."

"My Italian doesn't need brushing up, Antonio LaVigna. You should talk,"

Mom was not in a good mood and was searching for something to fight about. Dad, however, was determined.

"Okay, okay. Tell me about your day," he said.

" I met the new priest today. Adrian finish that bread before you get into the fettucini! Very nice man. Eat Virginia or you don't go out and play! Father Chorda is his name."

"Very nice."

A pause.

"Rosa, what is *chorda*?"

"*Chorda* is string, silly. I told you, MY Italian is fine."

"No Rosa, string is *cordicilla*, " said Dad.

"Isn't *chorda* rope, Dad?" I asked.

"Yes Adrian. *Chorda* is rope or it can be string as well, " replied Mom.

"Don't be ridiculous Rosa!," said Dad, "Rope is *scorsoio*."

Mom just laughed at first. "*Scorsoio* is rope as in a hangman's noose, Tony. Good God you've been following the capital punishment debate too closely."

"Well, at least I've been reading Canadian newspapers and not watching American television," Dad had lost it. When Mom laughs at him he is no longer in a good mood. My sister and I sat quiet.

"At any rate," he continued, "if rope is not *scorosoio* then it's *cappio* not *chorda*!"

"*Cappio* is cable, Tony."

"Nonsense, cable is *catena*."

"*Catena*, my dear, is chain. Think about it. *Una catenina d'ore*. A gold chain. *Catena* is chain."

"Chain is *collano*! I know because my father was a mechanic! All his life chain was *collano*!," screamed Dad.

"Well then your father used the wrong word. *Collano* is strand."

"Strand is either *trefelo* or *cavo*," he countered.

"Honey, *cavo* is ripcord!"

"Don't be stupid Rosa, ripcord is *di strappamento*!"

"No no. Di strappamento comes from strappado. Strappado is strap."

"There's no such word as strappado," yelled Dad.

"*Strappado* is strap! Weren't you ever disciplined?"

"I'll strap you, Rosa, there is no such word!"

"Adrian, get your dictionary," yelled Mom.

"I left it at school, " I said and stupidly continued, "but I thought strap was *nastro*."

"Why did you leave your dictionary at school? You shouldn't need it there. Those words are easy. Anyway, *nastro* is ribbon. You should know that Adrian. How do you spell *nastro* Virginia?," asked Mom?

"Umm,..."

"Don't say umm Virginia, that's not a word!" yelled Mom.

"Umm, N...A...S...T...O, Nasto."

"No dear, no dear, *nastRo*. There's an R in it," explained my Mom to my bewildered six year old sister.

"Rosa," said Dad, getting back into it, "*Nastro* is chain-mail!"

"Tony, you just said chain was *collano*! For heaven's sake make up your mind!"

"Chain IS *collano*! But chain-mail is *NASTRO*," yelled Dad.

"It can't be," said Mom, "That doesn't make any sense. If you were right there would be a common root word and there is not. *Nastro* is either ribbon or tape."

"That is a rule that doesn't always work, Rosa. Evidently you could use some grammar lessons as well. Anyway, tape is *fettucia*."

"Oh now you are really confused. *Fettucia* is the root word of *fettucini* which is what you are eating, if you ever shut up. That comes from *fito*—line because that's what it looks like."

"Rosa, even Virginia knows that line is *di lino*. Virginia, what is line?" asked Dad.

Virginia didn't want to be criticized again. "De lino," replied my sister obediently.

"It is not Virginia! How could you know? Honestly, Tony bringing a six year old into the argument."

"It's not an argument Rosa, it's a discussion. Anyway there's no such word as *fito*, you must mean *filo*."

"I don't mean *filo*! *Filo* is thread! Threadlike is *filoforme*. Spinnable is *filamenta*. Don't you tell me *filo* isn't thread."

"I never said it wasn't, at any rate it can be wire as well," said Dad who had finally got his fork in his mouth and began chewing. "This is cold."

"Cold, cold! Antonio LaVigna what do you expect?," Mom's cheeks were red. She was mad. "You've been arguing with me about the name of our new priest who *I* met for heaven's sakes. If you ate instead of argued you'd be finished."

"I'm not arguing about his name. I'm arguing about your vocabulary! You should live with your great grandmother for a few weeks," Dad pounded his fist on the table. He was mad too.

"She's in Italy, Antonio."

"All the more reason, Rosa. I could use a vacation from your pettiness. Besides, if you'd let me buy a microwave, my dinner wouldn't be cold!"

"I'm not going to have this family eat from a miniature nuclear reactor," yelled Mom.

The phone rang. We were saved, I hoped. Mom talked on the phone—half Italian, half English. I knew it must be Mrs. Bettucia. Mom returned about five minutes later. We all ate in silence for a few minutes. Virginia and I were enjoying it.

"I made a mistake," my mom finally whispered, "The new priest's name isn't Father *Chorda*. It's Father *Chanapo*."

We all chewed in silence. I expected Dad to start laughing because I felt like it. He didn't. He just looked puzzled.

Finally we finished dinner. My sister and I cleared the table and got ready to go outside and play. Just as I was tying my shoes I heard my father say to my mom:

"Rosa, what is *chanapo*?"

I pushed my sister outside the door with only one of her shoes on and the other still in her hand.

"Run for your life!," I yelled.

Love's Parody
by Bernadette

He's a raving egotist
She's an intellectual
They don't get on well in the social realm
but do quite well in the sexual

She offers him her body and mind
but he prefers the mirror
She only laughs when they're in bed
and only he can hear her

He hates the way all this appears
They all think he's a loser
And she knows that her power lives
as long as he can't refuse her

She can feel the balance sway
when he begins to leave her waiting
No phone call, no secret look
his turn to do the baiting

Her weapons are of flesh and mind
but his burn her with soul-mace
A careless word in the wrong ear
and she'll live his disgrace

They play the game with lunge and parry
Finesse and oral skill
He says he'll never come again
but she knows he always will

They're locked in this mental duel
and neither can break free
until they both lie on even ground
and end love's parody

Just a Thought
by Ronnie Brown

Where I come from, you have two choices,
you can struggle in the false light of hypocrisy
battling to defend the white-washed image
from the black-edged rain of sorrow
draping the mind with paranoia

OR

you can lift the spirit above the clouds
examine where the sunset goes
allow passion to master the senses
guiding you into the sensual dance
of the earth.

Life's Gall
by Jeff Verstraete

the whispering wind is my gentle guide
birth of a baby gives the breeze a soft sigh
to new free flesh the voice avoids saying lies
the worlds lovely lead on an ebullient tide

The bonding breeze
of the youth with dreams
  adds daring dues
  for the people in feuds.
    Asking addition
    for stagnate tradition,
      A salty purity
      for a dawning durability

A beckoning blow
    to the new born man
    who cannot stand
in the airs howling flow.
Yelling to go
    from airs pushing hand.
    Now he is sand
not an individual.

A callous cough comes from the kick of age.
        New old ideas
  come freely bound
    by screaming whispers
of unthought thoughts
        caused by spiteful love
  with restless peace.
Brings future habits by turning back a page.

A glutted gale
      when I look back,
      at the stack
of dreams I have failed.
Throwing the frail
      behind my back
      where the rack
of hopes into the wind sail.

The tempest tossed
sees all is lost,
    ships can't swim
    but get pushed to begin.
      moved by masts of bone,
      into my life I am thrown
          then pushed by the wind,
          my ever present friend.

the whispering wind is my gentle guide
death unto dirt gives the breeze a soft sigh
for old bound breaths that told too many lies
the world's seductive lead in an underpull tide

The Web
by Anna Porczynski

The first thing Mary did when she got home was to begin her writing assignment. By this I mean that she climbed onto a chair and dragged down the dust covered typewriter long forgotten on the upper most shelf in her father's den. She then set the relic upon her desk, turned on her study lamp, and angled it precisely so that the brightest spot shone directly on the ancient machine. She even went so far as to insert a sheet of paper and ready the liquid paper no student could survive a school year without. And then...she sat.

Sitting in the shade of the corner in Mary's room, hanging by the thinnest of threads was another member of the household. An uninvited and unacknowledged member, but definitely a fellow to the family. Unlike Mary, this lodger had no trouble beginning her assignment for the day. She simply climbed down to the frame of the door and undertook her pep project for almost any given place or time.

Gracefully, she began to spin a web between the door frame and the gumwood door which Mary had inadvertently left ajar.

It was just about this time that Mary got her idea, her "concept" for a short story. The short story was for her creative writing course at the U of T. And Mary was impressed by a notion that her talents were going to be tapped and directed by the commands of a demanding professor with "great expectations". Thus it's with no element of surprise that I note Mary's intense endeavour to write a story so great that it might incite a verdict of "publishable" from her prof's judication. So it is with this in mind that Mary contrived a plot so elaborate, so packed with imagery, so loaded with emotional upheaval that her professor could not help but recognise her ingenuity, her innovation, her astute perceptions. Mary decided that it would have to be a fantastical story with realistic symbolism commenting on the nature of humanity and the condition of the soul. Mary was convinced that the story's intense complexity alone would make it worthy of much favourable attention and praise.

The spider's aspirations (if I am permitted to refer to them as such) were not nearly so grand. The only goals stored in her miniscule mind were to spin a web and catch her supper. And so she began stringing her thread between door and frame, plainly. She spun her creation without ornament, concentrating only on the general body of her work; focusing on the base form which her final creation would issue.

Mary's creation had begun. Her eyes screwed tightly trying to focus on the tiny characters produced by the typewriter, her fingers moved clumsily across the keyboard forcing the sticky keys down in an attempt to pass her lofty thoughts onto the printed page. She began simply enough, but soon became caught up in such detail that her plot and general intent collapsed. But because Mary was an intelligent girl, she recognised the weaknesses her storyline was developing; although their source she failed to see. Soon enough, she abandoned that story altogether, disposed of the evidence of her failure, and inserted a fresh sheet of paper soon to be filled with many fresh new ideas. After several minutes, discovering that she was lacking in inventory at her storehouse of ideas, Mary leaned back in her chair and directed her efforts to the area of contemplation.

The spider too was taking a rest. Having completed the outer parameters of her project and weaved her thread throughout most of its middle, I must admit that the tiny beast was worthy of her repose. The web itself was beautiful. The fragile threads were strung tautly across what must have seemed an abyss to the spider. Three of them were anchored on the door and frame, the others formed an intricate pattern so delicate that I marvel how such frailty succeeds in ensnaring the unsuspecting moth or fly. As a functional trap, the accomplishment could be judged only by the spider. But as a work of art, I must exclaim that it was a triumph! The delicacy, the ornament, the base simplicity, each lent the work an air of achievement associated with artists of mighty aspirations. And all of this created by the artless little creature resting in the corner of the door frame, preparing to commence her craft again.

Mary too had resumed her "craft". Diligently I found her typing away, attacking the keys with the ferocity of one whose life depends on it — or, in any case one whose letter grade hinges on the accomplishment. With each change in plot, with each shift in atmosphere, I could not help but remark her grappling with some notion of recognition at what she might do to attain it. At certain points in her creation, she thought that perhaps an element of shock might jar a peer or two into acknowledging her work—or, in the least, she thought it would make her work memorable. Then she tried including some profound meaning, a hidden message that would move everyone to praise. But soon enough she abandoned this approach, ripped out yet another sheet from her battered typewriter, and pushed back her chair from her desk as she crumpled her composition and threw it amongst the other refuse in the corner of her room.

Just about this time, the spider finished her web. Resting unnoticed on the inside of the frame of the door, she quietly waited for the approach of a moth or any other bug that might serve for her supper. She was oblivious to the beauty she had created. She noticed none of the elements that might deem her work art. Her original intent was singular, and as long as that criterion was satisfied, so was she.

Dissatisfaction was what overwhelmed Mary. She had had enough; enough of the endless typing to no conclusion, enough of the tasteless ideas, enough of the struggle. In attempting to accomplish everything, she had achieved nothing. Frustrated, she got up from her chair and heightened her anger by one brief glance at the pile of crumpled paper in the corner of her room.

From the upper corner of that room, just above the pile of paper, the spider ventured into the shade of the inside door frame.

Disgusted and disappointed, Mary headed for the door. With one swift motion, she swung the door wide open, and left the room slamming the door behind her.

Love...
by The Three Neat Poet Guys

My stomach flutters with butterflies
when I dream of you
Nah.
It's only gas.

*The Three Neat Poet Guys are Rob Welch, Steve Reid, and Steve Szigeti

Faith
by James Hermann

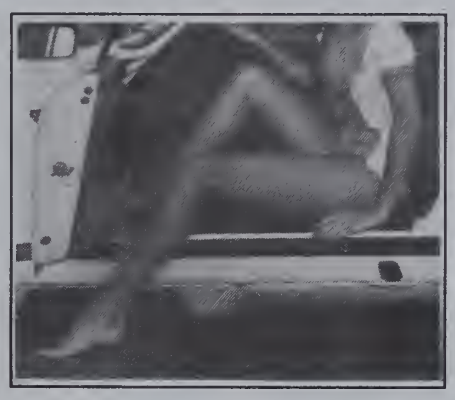
I would like to try
to tell you how to live
to leave you with a collection of
moralities
little laws
that you would follow not
because someone would snap
your arm
if you didn't but because you
sincerely wanted to because
you had recieved a sudden gift of
grace to have
faith in something

I Love Your Ribs
by Finn Lovsted

Jessica, his heart's desire, her voluptuous breasts over the dinner plate before her, a feast for a starving man, so graceful and delicate, with a mouth made to do the obscene, with eyes so deeply inviting a man could drown in them, and a voice so sweet a man could imagine the gasp that would breathe into his ear as he pressed himself inside her, with a body so temptingly soft like a warm pillow, like a warm pillow with legs and a moist mouth, was picking her teeth with the salad fork. But oh, so beautifully she found the fibre and sucked it down her gullet. Ernie was enthralled.

They dined in the dimly lit atmosphere of the *Chopin Restaurant*, a Polish restaurant.

She had called it the "Choppin" when she saw the sign outside. "The Choppin? We're going to the Choppin Restaurant?"



They had both ordered ribs, expecting the small kind one finds at the Chinese restaurants, like at *Sit's* next door. Ernie was a frequent customer at *Sit's*, and his grease-splattered grey jacket showed it. But these ribs were huge. The waiter set before them two large plates of not only ribs of mastadon, but of fried potatoes, mixed vegetables, and cabbage with sausage. First, however, the waiter had caused them to munch through two tubs of salad that made them dizzy. They had never smelled greenery so fresh, not even in the public parks, and the oxygen was intoxicating. At *Sit's*, when you ordered ribs, that's all you got.

A three-man band played in the restaurant, but far from Jessica and Ernie, on a stage elevated three inches from the floor. Crick, Crack, and Crock were a polka band who played every night before a live audience. They played their last song, "This land is our land, this land is your land..." before taking a break.

After the three Cs made their exit, a tape was played on the *Chopin Restaurant's* expensive and elaborate music system. It played what sounded like endless variations on the song "Fernando".

Ernie and Jessica made casual remarks about the amount of food before them and began swallowing the bland mixture. Jessica somehow felt inspired to start a luminous discourse on friendship and the characteristics of the alleged best ship of all ships.

"But you know friendship is funny it's like I mean especially friendship between sexes isn't that a sweet little baby but friendship is difficult between sexes because either the woman ends up falling in love with the man or the man ends up falling in love with the woman and it ruins the whole friendship like take myself for example I've never been able to I mean I've never been able to just be friends with a boy it always ends up stupidly."

What a body! What a body! Ernie was thinking about Jessica. What a beautiful woman, she knows so much about the world, what wisdom, what eyes! One part of Ernie's mind was thinking this (probably the most primitive part, the reptilian brain), but another heard what Jessica said. It translated her words into this: Ernie is to suppress his desires for Jessica's benefit, so that she may become her own person while he dies of grief. She asked too much.

"Yes," Ernie agreed, "it is sad."

Ernie could not spend the rest of his life two feet away from Eden without permission to enter the Garden even once. He did not suppress his feelings, but let them grow, even there, in the dim light of the restaurant. It was too much to expect from anyone to be content to have a glimpse of the most desirable thing in the world and ask him not to make a grab for it. It was setting a cup of the purest water before a thirsty man from the desert and asking him to be content with the vision alone.

Someone had changed the music. The theme from Shaft was ending and Roy Orbison's "Only the Lonely" was seeping into Ernie's mind.

He looked at Jessica. In truth, if she was a flower, she'd be a Venus fly-trap, which is a flower with animal characteristics.

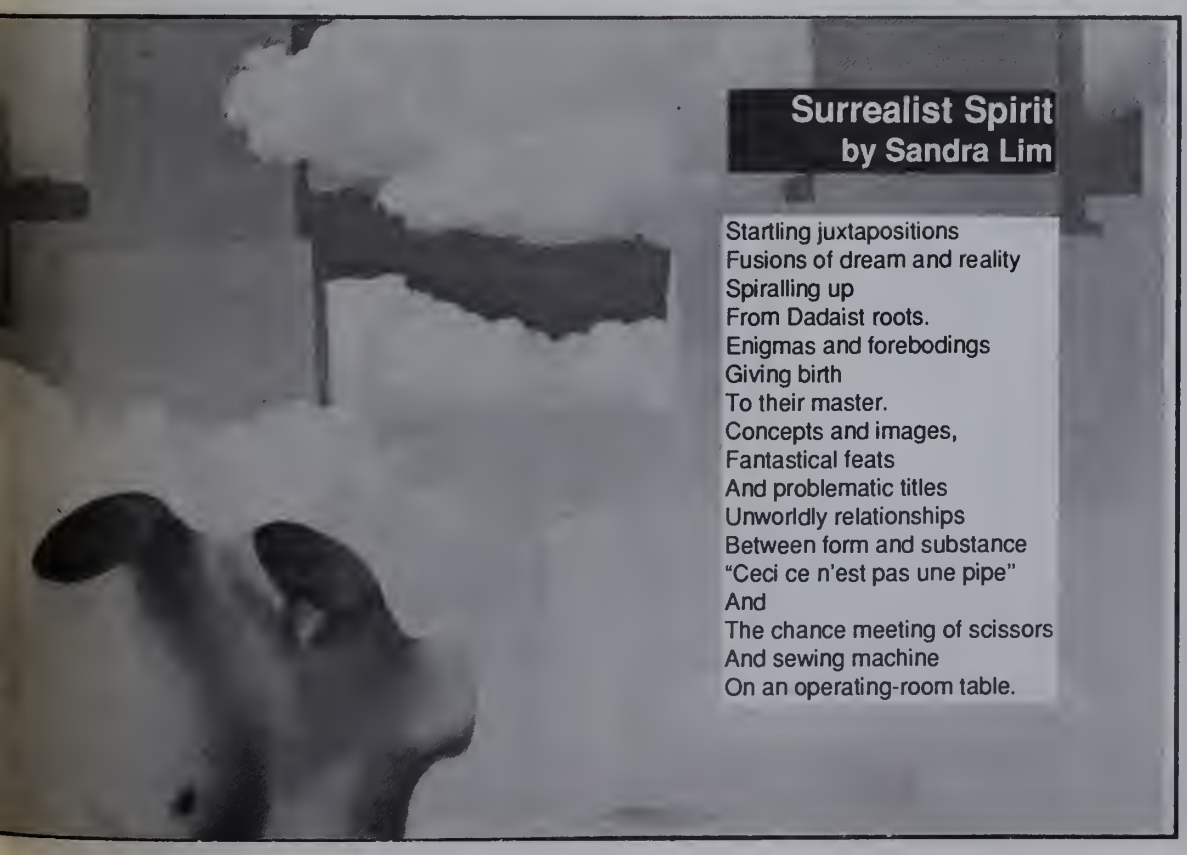
Jessica lived for the immediate, the sensual, but with such obvious enjoyment and, in Ernie's eyes, childish, fresh innocence, that she was a pleasure to watch and to be with. Her only concept of self was created through action, not through thought or reflection. What she did was what came naturally. Jessica hardly considered the consequences of anything she did on the basis of future well-being. Only the immediate was left to be considered, and this made her perceptive at the only moment that should matter for anyone - the present. Everything in the future is speculation. Everything in the past is clouded by regret.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

Because this story is now entirely in the past, and both Ernie and Jessica are dead, I can recount this fact about Ernie. He would, in his old age, tell his grandchildren about the memory of a time he and a woman he loved went to a restaurant, and he would be sure to inform the children that this was one of the most pleasant memories of his life.

When pressed for details of the woman in question, he would tell the story along these lines:

"She was a woman you should have seen, but the food, the food was truly superb. I confess I have no taste for food. What I eat is eaten for its lack of flavour. But when they entered the tent with an enormous silver platter and the scent of meat wafted to my senses, and when the tray was set before us, and the warmth of the food, soaked in its own fat, hit my face, I developed the most incredible appetite of my life. I ate, I ate, I ate. Fingers burnt in the fat, we burped and slobbered and drooled and choked and washed the delicacy down our hungry, insatiable throats with countless golden goblets of sweet wine drunk afterwards and during to course and chase the sweet meat feast that melted anyway on our tongues upon contact."



Surrealist Spirit
by Sandra Lim

Startling juxtapositions
Fusions of dream and reality
Spiralling up
From Dadaist roots.
Enigmas and forebodings
Giving birth
To their master.
Concepts and images,
Fantastical feats
And problematic titles
Unworldly relationships
Between form and substance
"Ceci ce n'est pas une pipe"
And
The chance meeting of scissors
And sewing machine
On an operating-room table.

The Moonlight Redemption
by Ronnie Brown

Swiff...swiff...swiff...swiff.

The perpetual blades of reality pierce into the dance of the black shadows, on a feeble mind.

*

"...I heard this story one thousand times before...you can't change...it's all YOUR fault...stop being an emotional crutch for you...someone has to be there for me... it's all YOUR fault...can't breathe anymore...have to leave...it's all YOUR fault...suffocating me...who am I anymore...it's all YOUR fault...I want to leave...

"...please, don't leave me..."

"...don't hold me anymore...no understanding...it's all YOUR fault..let me free...you're not going anywhere...it's all YOUR fault...strangling us...don't know...it's all YOUR fault...never listen...who are you anymore...drowning...spinning...it's all YOUR fault...failing...hating...it's all YOUR fault..."

"...don't go..."

"...IT'S ALL YOUR FAULT...IT'S ALL YOUR FAULT..."

**

I hate the darkness, yet in darkness I am one. The darkness is my connubial veil. I despise, so darkness shields me from the exterior of living and the unconscious state of pain. In the darkness I can be one with the blades slicing dead air. I can navigate the edge of the blade until, with the release of breath I let the motion cast me onto the path of the next. I will be skived into layers. I will walk in the shadows, in the valley of death, but never with them.

In darkness, the longer I wait, the more I wonder and hate the dual role of my apparent purpose. Can I play the executioner and not feel passion as the condemned? Will I parish without breathing remorse as my last guide? The darkness lulls me into comfort. The rhythm of the blades cradles me into the motion of a march. I want to be the master of the blades. I want to sacrifice my soul, my thoughts, my body to the blades. I want to be, for evermore, draped in the darkness...swiff...swiff...swiff

***

"...it's all YOUR..."

"WHO IS IT!!!", my god, the tinge of sweat is bitter. So bitter. My heart is escalating faster than I can pace the rug. Something is wrong with the darkness, it's too muddled, like it was being suffocated by a pillow. Over on the other side of the room, the perpetrator, the moonlight, raped my world.

The floorboards creak with every step, their age becoming louder each year. The building is dilapidated by the unconcern for beauty. It sticks out in the block, forever tormented by the spray can rebellion. To live here is to suffer the intrusion of those who hate just about as much as I do. The fuckin' blind won't stay down. It infuriates me to hate in the first place but when inanimate objects defy me I hate everything even more. Who the fuck makes these blinds that never stay the fuck down when you pull them. And how come every old building has these fuckin' blinds on the window! And who the hell is that sitting on the street corner in the middle of the night?

"HEY...HEY YOU..." even this bastard is ignoring me. "ASSHOLE...WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING?" still no reply. This jerk is sitting on the corner in the middle of the night and won't respond to my prodding. As if this nobody has the right to sit in my neighbourhood and not give a shit to answer me. As if he can ignore everything around him and pretend he is above himself with dignity to answer me. For all I know he may be staking the place to pillage it at a wink of the eye. Well if he thinks he can get away from answering to me, he has another thing coming to him.

****

I can't believe how cold it is getting at night. In fact this feels way too cold for this time of year. And here I come upon this idiot sitting on the corner, drawing of all things, in a fuckin' T-shirt!

"Hey, isn't it a little cold to be drawing in a T-shirt?"

"No"

Well, that was a real ice breaker. I find myself at a loss to say something.

"Don't you find it hard to draw at night?"

"You can't draw the universe behind the curtain of day."

I can't believe it. One moment ago I wanted to rip this...this guy's head off and now the jerk has me in his control.

"Listen asshole, how come you didn't answer to me a minute ago when I was yelling at you!"

"You seemed hostile."

I seemed hostile did I. This asshole won't look me in the eye and he wonders why i feel fuckin' hostile. Hostile? I'll show him hostile...

"Are you in pain?"

He has me snared, in the night, lured out of my darkness, he has me snared.

"Let me draw you, it may relieve you a little."

I want to scream no and knock everything over, but I can't. His voice is too soothing. I wish I could stop him, break his head and kick it down the street.

"Yes..."

*****

In my darkness, my lair, he has joined me. An old man looking for something to draw while his brittle bones warm up. I still can't see his eyes, but it doesn't matter, for in the darkness, I control the image. I sit, in my corner like a pugilist waiting for the sound, the opportunity to battle his opponent. The old man takes no heed in the darkness, funny, he seems to be accustomed to the surroundings.

"Would you be so kind to sit in the light by the window?"

"No. I thought you could draw in the dark. Thought you said you could see better?"

"I don't believe I ever mentioned sight. The universe through the stars shine their features at night, you do not shine, therefore I require some form of light."

Out of sheer boredom I sat by the window, squint-eyed by the annoying moonlight, waiting and trying to follow the first stroke of his hand on a canvas that seemed to be glowing. His hand, trembling with fear, started to come down...

"AHHHHH!!!" the blades began whirling at an incredible pace. "What are you doing to meee!!!"

"SIT DOWN AND REMAIN STILL!" his voice like thunder rumbled across the blades, shattering the forged steel of time.

"Leave me alone, you're tearing me in two. It was my..."

"SHUT YOUR MOUTH!!!" he cried, half in rage, half in pain. I am being drained. I can't yell anymore, I never have felt such pain before. The old man is suffering too.

"Why are you doing this to us?" I ask through a haze of black tears. He continues to draw, every detail, as I can only imagine. He takes time and bends it, he becomes one with the drawing, and he suffers through his tears from black sockets of a bottomless soul.

"Why are you doing this to us?" I cry once more.

"Because my child, it was never all your fault."

******

A stream of daylight embraced me and carried me away. For the first time, in a long time, I was in my livingroom in the day. I didn't feel hate today and I have a funny feeling I won't feel it tomorrow. The ceiling fan is busted, maybe I need a new toggle switch.

In the middle of the floor I discover a dull grey canvas, the drawing. Running hard, the floorboards squealing with life I look at the drawing. Never will I feel horror as intense as I felt it now. Glaring at me, in the crimson red of dried life, was my death mask. Depleted of sight, of sound, of passion, it was finally free from the nightmare evermore.

Save For Her Beauty
by Sean Plummer

Save for her beauty, nature ne'er expressed
Fortune so great as her eyes seemingly hold,
Or upon those lips promise quite so bold
Silhouetted reason, the darkening so supressed
Never did I see love as purposed,
Caught upon a second, a minute's fold;
Eternity stopped in ice, yet not so cold,
Belongs to the world, one world caressed.
Then a thought o'erlakes the silent air,
Revolution roused by curiosities rebel pause;
Freedom from fear instills a subtle strength,
And here truth announces her careful care;
To trangress no pronouncement of loving's laws
And reconcile our life to each days length.

Tally Ho
by Laurie Smith

In less than twelve hours a baby will be born. I say will although I mean SHOULD since this devious little guy has fooled us twice already. This time, is supposed to be the real thing, since he's two weeks overdue.

The baby is our first. It's risky, she's fifteen, but this was the alternative of choice.

So here I am, waiting, staying near for comfort but wondering if she really feels I'm just in the way. I go in, then I leave, pace, go in again...Just now, I've stopped to write a bit, but if it reads disjointedly it's because I keep leaving it to see her. The writhing gives me something to do, since there's no need for boiling water.

I can't believe this is finally it! It's ten o'clock and the place is nearly empty, the other 'parents' and visitors having left for the evening. The staff still hangs around, thank goodness, they pat me on the shoulder and say nice things. Mostly though, i am alone. I have been that way in one form or another, for as long as I can remember. It is different, being by yourself and being alone. I like to be by myself, but in the security that it is a choice, not a permanent state.

She's resting, though not comfortably. That impolite little being in her belly does not like to be squeezed and pushed. He kicks her. She breathes hard. Now I know where 'laboured breathing' came from. She is in pain. I feel so responsible and helpless.

"She". Her name is Tally and she is a thoroughbred. Tally is my horse, my favourite friend. Eleven months ago I sent her to a stable full of beautiful young studs of the Dutch Warmblood persuasion.

I was faced with a problem. Tally had gone lame. It turned out to be navicular, a painful disease involving the deterioration of the navicular bone in the foot. The condition has been compared to a lifetime of standing on broken glass mixed with pins. There are many ways to alleviate the pain, but usually riding is ruled out forever. Tally is a show jumper, a temperamental, excitable, fragile thoroughbred. What to do? I refused to put her down. Even at fifteen she had too much life left to lose.

At fifteen, however, a maiden mare does not impregnate easily. I chose a horse named Tolerant, and luckily he was. He was also expensive, and here we are, several thousand dollars later, waiting.

My human friends don't understand this affection, or affliction as they are apt to put it. They call Tally the "black hole" where all my money goes. They don't comprehend this, a world so different from the normal world. The horses are a release from everything else. They don't care about money or relationships, and the only deadlines they like to see enforced involve the serving of hay and grain. Working with the horses is like learning a new language, it is so exciting when you begin to understand each other. Imaging a partnership not based on written or spoken words, but evolved from actions as subtle as shifting your weight. Taking Tally through a difficult jump course with no faults is one of the most exhilarating feelings I can think of. Of course her full name Regal Talent was not chosen without reason, Tally is a wonderful horse.

They have called the Vet. There seems to be trouble. All the books I have read do not suggest how to feel when this happens. Tally is exhausted and the front feet are barely visible. In a normal birth the front hooves are closely followed by a nose which indicates the arrival of the head and shoulders. After that, the rest should be simple. Tally's baby is not showing a nose. His head is caught back somehow. Tally's baby is refusing to come out.

Her eyes are closed and she breathes so hard her nose is bleeding. I start to cry but she doesn't even realise I am there. She wouldn't understand sympathy anyway. I stop crying. They put me back here and handed me my notebook. Where is the Vet?

She is such a pretty girl. We had a lot of fun together at shows, showing off. People said she was hot and dangerous, but I knew she was only playing. The horsey-set gossip really flew after she broke that kid's arm. It wasn't her fault, it was a downhill jump, he rode it wrong and she refused. When he started sailing over her head she thought she had better go, and she landed on his arm. In my own biased opinion, I saw that Tally was trying to make a correction. At the time she was for sale, and the accident labelled her as a killer so I remained in poverty for another few years.

Poor Tally. The Vet is here. It's three o'clock in the morning. He has given her a multitude of injections and presently has his arm in a plastic glove and is trying to push the baby back inside to straighten him. There is a special wire on the instrument cloth in case they have to cut it out. Every time Tally has a contraction she squeezes the doctor's arm and now the two wince together. Her nose is still bleeding, her body is soaked and I babble incessantly. The assistant finally sends me on errands to get me the hell out of the way. I'm back on my straw bale outside the stall door. Someone has their arm around me, I've just noticed. This sure does take a long time.

It's four o'clock.

Eleven months of preparation, vet bills, special care and feed and he kills his mother, His beautiful black mother, Tally my baby is dead.

I was holding her head when he came out, a beastly, brown body, all slimy and skinny. He was all legs and head, a huge head for a foal. No wonder. Tally strained towards him, nudged him, he lived. Then she lay back on my legs and stopped breathing. I thought she was joking. The Vet frantically started barking orders and pumping her rib cage. "She's dead." I said finally, unable to bear the sight of her lifeless face in my lap.

A million thoughts were running through my head. Just what do you do with a dead horse? do you bury it? How would you get it to the grave? How will we get her out of the stall? Ropes? A tractor? Do I need to notify anyone?

The Vet was talking to me, showing me how to dry the foal, handing me a towel. We wiped out the nostrils and eyes and rubbed him warm and dry. Someone covered Tally's body. The assistant arrived with a milk bottle. Eventually valiant struggles brought the little guy to his feet, where he wobbled, eyeing us with suspicion.

After he took the milk we put him in another stall, where he is now sleeping. I sit outside and look in. He really is cute in a humble sort of way. big like Tolerant, and leggy like Tally. I name him Tibor and resolve to like him despite his selfish entry into the world.

The sun is up and little Tibor is waking. He is going to be hungry, so I must go. There has been a baby born and now I have work to do.

The Game
by Sandra Lim

Porcelain smile,
China heart.
Ten on a string—it's only a game
To her.
Uneasy persuasion,
Willing conquest: the perpetual pattern,
An empty deliverance
In a rose-tinted world.
Passion and love—
Wavering equivalence
Given a moment's reflection
As she watches them fall.
Role reversal
Deliciously savoured
The torment of ages
Somewhat avenged by weapons
Of red, red lips
And long, long legs
Who is subservient now?

In Five Years
by James Hermann

In five years
you will have learned the technique
of courting a Hungarian gypsy
who exists only to read you by the fading Danube light
You will have danced with twenty lovers
and exchanged stories of phallic brilliance.
The perfect dancer. The adequate lover.
With crossed eyes and a reaccuring nightmare
A Freudian excuse, waiting within a margin of error
You will have learned to restring Monk's piano
so that no two notes fall within the same key
You will have written the true Canadian rhapsody
peformed by a Minister Without-A-Portfolio
on a rainy April morning in Carnagie Hall
Your photograph will rest simultaneously
in Meyer's Deli and the Hockey Hall of Fame
having been mistaken for the years Calder Cup winner
who can be to blame?
In a few years only you and I will know the difference.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

The Nature of the Beast
by Norman Saunders

It had been a long day, and the sun was setting when I first came upon them. It was the first lion I met that I particularly remember. He was a huge, black-manned beast, and he was stretched out comfortably on the grass on his four paws like a monumental statue. To his right there were others like him; they seemed Godly lying there under those shaded trees. The scene conjured up images of burecrets putting the final touches on a budget proposal. Of the three of them, not one was female - I smiled as I thought of the idea.

The animals had evidently just eaten, for when I approached to within twenty yards the largest did nothing more than fovour me with a slow and casual stare. Then his eyes closed, his jaws opened in a wide yawn, and in a deep daze of weariness the animal rolled over on his back. All around them under the setting sun herds of zebras and gazelles were quietly grazing in a crater next to the lions - the hyenas sat and waited.

It was earlier the next morning that I saw the other side of the story. I was driving across a watercourse on the opposite side of the crater when another group of lions got up suddenly in front of me. They were much younger beasts with very little mane as yet - but they looked very fine. They had the height and the proportions of a fully-grown lion, but they did not quite have the look of authority that age seemed to have given the first group of animals. They were with their mothers, and I decided to watch them for a while.

The wind blew directly over the herd and over the heads of the young lions. They were quietly playing in the gully near the crater.

Close to mid-day one of the mothers jumped up from its play. I thenherd a deep short throaty roar. It came from the other side of the crater - near where I had seen the lions the previous evening. Suddenly, I saw the group of lions I had seen before. They slowly walked into the crater.

At that very instant, the group of lioness and their youngsters all got up from their games. They jumped to their feet and trotted to the area of tree cover at the edge of the crater.

The animals that were once grazing were now standing very still with their heads turned towards the point of danger. But for the moment the lions did nothing. The biggest of the lot sank down on his haunches and waited.

While he waited the young lions and their mothers moved inside the tree cover near the gully's edge. Then, they too crouched down on their haunches and waited.

The largest of the animals then got up in full view of his quarry, moved forward with a few slow paces, and again emitted his awful threatening growl. This time the zebras and wildebeest bolted. They ran full tilt for fifty yards or so then turned uncertainly and faced the beast again.

Inside the crater, the largest of the lions again vibrated the air above his head and slowly started towards the heard of wildebeest and zebra - the others followed. Propelled into a state of instant terror, the shocked herd bolted in all directions.

In terror a young zebra strayed away from its mother and ventured too close to the gully's edge - there, a young lion pounced upon him.

The lions all gathered around to share the fruits of their labour. The larger animal, evidently the leaders of the group, sat and watched while the younger lions and their mothers tore at the zebra's leather and bones, exposing the flesh. Once the task had been completed, the bigger animal moved in and devoured the meal - the mothers stood by; the youngsters watched. When the lions were finished the hyenas rushed in to secure what was left.

The lions then spent the following days together following the herd. Catching up with the herd once more, they separated again.

Preparing to repeat that perpetual slaughter that is so necessary for their survival, the hyenas caught up with them - again, the hyenas sat and waited. Mothers directed their eager youngsters to strategic locations; and the leaders prepared to give the order for the spilling of blood.

The Discovery of Grace
by Steve Szigeti

I

We're all so bored
with what we do
and push ourselves in circles
between the moisture of a body
and the brittle debate of an intellect
We continue to fall
to the same basic level
never passing the finite
We contaminate our bodies
with chemicals and speed
and somehow find a rationale
for forever avoiding
the infinite in what we do

II

If we may take
ourselves from this
past that has come
to be our obsession and from
a world of what may have
been and then
for once
refuse to plan for a
future that is submerged in
sentimental hope we will
discover the moment that
transcends time
it is in this instance
we have long called
the present
that we find the infinite.

III

The concept must be
recognized to
prevent the boredom
the depression the
mistaken idealism we
have allowed to become
our Messiah (to deliver
us to the Gardens
of Discontent) and
look not for truth
good beauty arrogance
all vines of mediocraty
but for the moment
for the point
the infinite.

The Day Before the Day Before Yesterday
by Steve Szentesi

It was the day before the day before yesterday. I remember the air was slow and still, and the heat, the damned heat. The clouds would drift in as if to mock us, greet and shroud the sun, and then steal away again without leaving a drop to whet the dust.

Every night was the same, I would return from the field and she would present the dinner to Jason and the table and leave me in silence. We would look at one another, then she would speak of the crops and the well.

Three days ago I returned from the North field, with the team. The heat made everything so difficult. A coach passed along the main road in the valley and raised a languid plume of dust. I climbed over the stone fence which divided the field from the meadow below, then swung the gate open for the horses. The coach was gone now, yet the dust itself stayed aloft running slowly after the coach, as if afraid to return to the hot earth.

I stopped, just then, three years ago. Neither of us had come from a family of any consequence, she was the daughter of the villiage cooper, I the third son of a common farmer. It was not love three days ago, who the hell can say what love is about. If anything it was childish anticipation, a fascination, a certain suspense for the future. The damned heat. I remember standing there on the south side of the fence and looking down on the crops in the valley, at the crops which were stunted and burnt, brown like the hair on an alley cur. The crops were seemingly held to the earth by the very fences which enclosed them, held them. She was right to worry I suppose, this is what I thought as I came down the hill.

I saw the house just then, alone, removed from the sky, yet still it's tenant. The thatch of the roof had grown to be the same colour as the surrounding fields. Three days ago I still knew her eyes were green. I was halfway to the house when I stopped again, and sat on a stone, felt the salt sting my forehead, and my eyes.

It had been nearly three years since she had arrived, longer still since she had been Miss Mary Courtney. I remember now that I took the same path down that hill three years ago, stopped near the same stone, and gazed at the same house. An ovenbird whistled above then, though no bird could be seen three days ago, none swirled above, none challenged the sun, affixed cruelly in the sky. It was May then, or April, I suppose it really doesn't matter anyway. Yes, I think it was May as I returned from planting Sutter's field. I had nearly reached the gate at the back of the house, when I saw her washing her hair at the well, I remember I didn't stop to swing the latch. She looked at me then, anxiously, smiling as I approached her. I remember the lace around the collar of her dress, the puff sleeves, the one which made her breasts come together. The heat made everything so difficult. Her dress was still new then, not yet corrupted by the dirt and the worry. It was spring, just May, just warm enough not to have to take a basin of water into the house.

It was the day before the day before yesterday, when I picked her up in my arms, when I still felt the excitement standing there, in the garden. The stones around the well were wet, she was wet, and the dog wound crazy, frantic circles around our feet. A few sheep were pressed against the gate, and we were halfway up the walk before the dog deserted us for a stray pig on the lawn.

She was twenty two then, and there were squeels and barks as we climbed the porch into the dark entry way and then the hall beyond. Hidden and safe from the noise and the bustle of the yard outside, hidden from the chickens and the dirt. I remember the sunlight in the hallway which lay in broad strokes on the floor where the doors were open. I had laid the floor the autumn before, laid it myself using scraps from the Rosedale barn.

Only dust violated the rays as we moved slowly down the corridor. She still in my arms, when we thrust into the room, she looked back and smiled at the trail of water down the hall. I cant remember if we even shut the front door, the day before the day before yesterday. My sleeve too was wet where her head had lain.

I dropped her onto the bed. Outside the open shutter I saw the trees and the wind-break wind up the hill, and the scattered whites on top of the ridge. Even the window frame was still white then, three years ago. When she reached the bed, a flurry of dust and feathers erupted into the air. I stood there at the foot of the bed, as I stood in the meadow three days ago, and looked at her, just looked at her there. Her arms were laid back against the headboard, the flowers of her dress were swallowed by the quilt. The day before the day before yesterday.

An accident in cinema

by Peter Mansour

Anne Tyler has quickly become an extremely popular American author, so it is no surprise that one of her books should be adapted for a major film release. Tyler's wit and ironic perpsective on the American "state" create a tenuous balance between the comic and the tragic. It is this balance which makes her works compelling. Unfortunately, it is also this balance which seems to elude a successful translation into the medium of film.

The Warner Brothers release of *The Accidental Tourist* could have been a wonderful film; but even the cast of William Hurt, Kathleen Turner, and Geena Davis can't support some very poor directing, and only a fair adaptation of the novel.

For anyone who is familiar with Tyler's work, the film is problematic because the storyline seems to lose the delicate balance between the comic and the tragic.

It appears that the director, Lawrence Kasdan, attempted to compensate for this loss by creating characters who represent extremes.

William Hurt is the melancholy and despondent father of a murdered child who writes travel guides for businessmen; Geena David is the ostentatious and somewhat "tarty" owner of a "pet hotel", who enjoys giving obedience lessons. In between is Kathleen Turner, the wife of Hurt who is the only credible and realistic character. While Hurt seems just too morose and vapid, Davis is too silly. Perhaps this is Kasdan's attempt to represent the tragic and the comic - but the characters ultimately prove to be annoying, and the result is a film where there is no balance, just great disparity.

If you are looking for a light and amusing comedy (as the film seems to be billed), or an accurate representation of Tyler's work, you'll be disappointed for the film does not succeed at either.

The Accidental Tourist does manage to capture the essence of Tyler's craft brilliantly at some moments however; unfortunately, those moments are very rare.

Arts Calendar

Recent Work
Runs through March 9, 1989
A collection of contemporary works by Robert Hedrick.
Erindale Campus Art Gallery
University of Toronto, 3359 Mississauga Road North, Mississauga.

Professor Hu Miao-Sheng
Monday, March 6, 1989 7:30 pm
Professor Hu is one of the most distinguished stage designers in China. He will lecture on contemporary stage design in China.
Free admission
UC Playhouse, 79A St. George Street, Toronto

Beyond Mozambique
Runs through March 4, 1989 8pm
Beyond Mozambique is not intended as a comment on the current tragic situation in that country, it would be a serious misjudgement to shrug it off as being no more than a hilarious parody of B-movies. It is a fast-paced, very funny theatrical work.
The Glen Morris Studio, University of Toronto, Toronto
978-7986

The debate between the CD and the record

Only a matter of time before the record disappears forever

Aural Surgery
by Todd Kyle

The LP is dying.

That's the current verdict of Canadian music industry types, radio people, critics, probably even U.N. observers.

And me too.

Compact discs are taking over the world, with their state-of-the-art sound, their indestructibility, their uncompromising digitalness.

Last year in Canada, album sales were beat real bad by the CD, and even those dinky cassettes. The music industry that within the year, most if not all major record distributors in Canada won't be producing vinyl LPs, except for top 30 albums.

Of course, they've been planning this for a while now, as we all know, and the recent complaints of record companies of slow service on the part of Cinram, the biggest Canadian LP presser, offers them a convenient excuse to cut orders of vinyl.

Up until now I myself have been wary about this CD thing, sticking stubbornly to that outdate vinyl format.

I still find something romantic about those oversized twelve-inch thingies that take up so much room they threaten to tip my wall unit. And lots of stuff I buy, indie and obscure records, are unavailable on CD.

But last week I finally took the plunge and reluctantly went out and bought a reasonably-priced CD player. And guess what? I love it.

I've started buying those overpriced CDs by the dozen. I can't stop popping them in and out, speed searching, programming tracks, and watching the digital display change in its precise, laser-sharp way.

So what's my verdict?

Well, I'm concerned about all those indie bands who can't afford to have a CD mastered and pressed but might have trouble getting an LP done.

I'm concerned about myself, too - will I be able to continue replacing my record needle to play my irreplaceable records in the future?

On the other hand, those CDs sound GREAT. Just take a listen to Enya's "Watermark" or Roxy Music's classic "Avalon" - oooooh!

So it is in the spirit of the new wave of technology, bad or good, that the following review is of a new compact disc release.

NEW ORDER
Technique CD
(PolyGram)

Don't tell me New Order have sold out, that they've become a faceless dance band, that they've given up on their values. They're still the same bund of enigmatic, corrupt, psychologically disturbed, BRILLIANT egomaniacs.

Their music still manages to say nothing, and yet say everything; they still rivet you to the floor with their minimalist melodies, two-chord harmonies, and poetic nonchalance; there's still something intangibly GREAT about everything they do. You can do anything to New Order, give them a mainstream producer (like Stephen Hague on *True Faith*; this one they produced themselves), make them into pop stars, put an electronic disco beat on them, but they're still the same deadpan opportunists they've always been.

Technique ranges from the schizophrenic dance craze of *Fine Time* (good but could stand a bit more than two lines of lyrics) to the bold electrobop of *Round and Round* (devastating) to the classic New Order bass and guitar dirge of *Love Less* (breathless). In other words, this album proves that New Order couldn't make a bad record if they tried.

So don't tell me New Order have lost their meaning. They were never supposed to MEAN anything anyways.

And I love them for it.

CFRE
Top Ten Albums
For the week of February 26, 1989

1. **The Waterboys**
   Fisherman's Blues (MCA)
2. **Bruce Cockburn**
   Big Circumstance (True North)
3. **Enya**
   Watermark (WEA)
4. **Midge Ure**
   Answers to Nothing (MCA)
5. **Violent Femmes**
   3 (WEA)
6. **Dalbello**
   She (Capitol)
7. **Edie Brickell & New Bohemians**
   Shooting Rubber Bands at the Stars
8. **Cowboy Junkies**
   The Trinity Session (BMG)
9. **The Dream Syndicate**
   Ghost Stories (Enigma)
10. **David Knopfler**
    Lips Against the Steel (Attic)

Request Line; 828-5411

You too could be famous...
NOTICE OF ELECTIONS

medium II
Erindale College Student Voice

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

March 7 Deadline for applications
March 8 Forum for Editor-in-Chief
March 10 Election for Editor-in-Chief

SECTION EDITORS

Positions available include: News Editor, Features Editor, Arts Editor, Photography Editor, Production Manager and Business Manager
March 10 Deadline for Applications
March 15 Forum for the Editors: Question

All applications are to include a cover letter outlining the reasons why the candidate expresses interest in the position, related experience (if any ... this is not required), and ideas for the section or paper in general. Resumes are optional. All applications and enquiries are to be submitted to Steve Satchel at medium II, Room 18 of the the Crossroads Building.

ELIGIBLE VOTERS

The following individualks have contributed to half of the issues in either term at Erindale this year and are thus eligible to vote:
Steve Satchel, Bruce Seago, Greg Lowes, Norman Saunders, Maura Crowther, Steve Szigeti, Finn Loysted, Darrin Griffiths, Brian Grabarczyk, Brian Lacy, Paul Vandenhelm, Todd Kyle, Dana Warmington, Simona Scheffer, Rhonda Marley, Michelle Basic, Paul Paradine, James Gilbert, David Ryckman, DeeDee McCullough, Lisa Gregori, Stive Farranato, John Kajin, Darlene Durrant, Alex Debona, Brian Procter, Dwayne James, Jennifer Salazar, Ian Thornton.

medium II

SPORTS

Team loses twice in one week

Volleyball team ousted

by Jacob Steel and Bart Arsenault

As the team kept responding "Problem? No problem," it became painfully clear a problem did exist.

A once infallible team, the Men's Division II Volleyball team realized that talent, charm and good looks are not enough.

After advancing to the playoffs with an unblemished record of nine wins and no losses, the men's team tasted defeat not once but twice in one week.

The first loss came to the hands of a hungrier Physical Education squad on Tuesday night.

However, Erindale received hope realizing Division II sports a double knock-out format.

Phsyched and determined, the team was ready to redeem itself on Thursday night.

Despite winning the first game, Erindale felt victory slip when New College continued to pound kills through Erindale blocks.

Finally in the third and final game Erindale was spent and was unable to recover its third wind.

The team was disappointed with its performance in the playoffs. Yet, the team must also consider it took a good regular season to reach the playoffs. Moreover, the Erindale Volleyball tradition was upheld.

Second Annual Volleyball Tournament

Co-commissioners Bart Arsenault, Rupi Badwal and Jack Krist invite all Erindale students to participate in the Second Annual Erindale College Volleyball Tournament on Friday, March 3rd between 6:00 and 10:00pm.

The tournament is organized to respond to a demand for a more competitive level of volleyball. The tournament features Men's Height Net, spiking permitted, and Ontario Volleyball Association rules.

Together with the cooperation of ten teams, ECARA and several student volunteers, the tournament succeeded. In addition, donations are accepted on behalf of the Library Enhancement Fund.

To enter a team simply pick up an entry form in the Athletic Office (South Building room 1114). Return the form prior to or during the captain's meeting set for Wednesday, February first at 5:00.

Waterpolo team loses

by Chris Ovsenny and Godwin Lai

Erindale's Division II Waterpolo team was shorthanded as three members of the team testified at the Dubin inquiry into the use of steriods, in this case, U of T's Waterpolo Interfaculty league.

This cost the team as they sank to defeat, 8-5, against Trinity College.

Erindale got off to a bad start as coach Dave Connel couldn't drive the team downtown as he had to "go into hiding" to "avoid being tested at the inquiry."

In the first half of the game at the downtown Bensen pool, Erindale came on strong to take an early 2-0 lead on goals by Chris "Aquaboy" Bard and Stan "S.S. Titanic" Besko.

However, Trinity soon rebounded to leave the score tied 3-3 at the half.

Meanwhile at the inquiry, team members J.S., J.S. and C.O. threw a wrench into the works as they refused to comment on coach Dave Connel's sudden growth to 7ft. 10 along with his newfound ability to swim 2000 laps at practice. When asked if they knew if steroids were prevalent in the league J.S. commented "I don't know what you are talking about. They just passed out water bottles with 'yellow stuff' at the bottom before the games. We just drank it and signed our advertising contracts."

Back at the pool, a tired Erindale team was just out-numbered in the second half by the vast Trinity team who had many substitutions.

Skill-wise, Erindale was their match, but it wasn't enough, as when the final whistle blew, they were on the losing side of an 8-5 score.

For Erindale to make the playoffs they must win their last game against Law Wednesday, 7:40pm at Benson Pool.

All fans are welcome to attend the Warriors next game and watch the team win to earn a berth in the playoffs.

MARCH 17
CFRE &
medium II
present:
PADDY'S PENNY PUB

SAC SAC SAC SAC SAC SAC SAC SAC SAC SAC SAC

The following question will appear on the S.A.C. election ballot on Wednesday March 8 and Thursday March 9, 1989 contingent upon approval from the 1988-89 SAC Board of Directors.

1. Do you vote in favour of an increase from $1 to $2 in campus incidental fees which funds Downtown Legal Services?

2. Be it resolved that SAC of U of T hold a constitutional conference within the next six months with independent representatives from all constituencies to revise and restructure the by-laws of the corporation in an effort to restore the accountability between the elected rep of SAC and its constituent members and further to reestablish the confidence among the corporation members
Agree_____
Disagree____

3. Do you wish to join OFS for $3 per student?

4. Be it resolved that the U of T Woman'a Centre should receive SAC funding in the form of;
i) club funding for projects that qualify under SAC Project Aid
ii) Base funding for all operating expenses
iii) No funding

Choose one.
Approval will be granted or denied at the SAC meeting on Wed. March 22 at 7:00 at Croft Chapter House. Students are welcome to attend.

Update on Project Aid.

SAC project Air available until March 10. Funding granted for additional round. All Erindale recognized clubs can apply to:

Helen Christerdoulou
V. P. SAC
978-4911
Until March 10.

Erindale Poll Clerks needed immediately for the SAC Election (March 8, 9).

Two shifts available on both days:
9-1:00 pm
1-5:00 pm
Location: North Building Café
South Building Meeting Place
Pay $6.00/hr

Call Gillian Rowland
978-4911 to sign up

ECSU PRESENTS

Erindale College Student Union
Crossroads Building

828-5249
828-5260

Open Monday to Friday
9am - 4:30pm

SAC-ERINDALE
presents

DAVID SUZUKI

speaking on the environment
March 1, 1988
Meeting Place at Noon

Ladies Night '89

Come out and see male contestants Compete for the Mr. Erindale Title!!!
Wednesday, March 1, 1989

ELECTIONS!

Polling Days
Wednesday and Thursday
March 8 & 9, 1989

Votes will be taken for:
1. SAC - both presidential and Erindale reps.
2. ECSU
3. CASE
4. ECARA

ECSU ELECTION FORUM

Wednesday March 1, Meeting Place 2pm
Immediately following David Suzuki

The Debating Club of Erindale
meets in
Colman Place
Tuesday, Feb. 28th,
2:00 p.m
No public speaking experience necessary!
No problem, Join us!

ECSU FEE REFERENDUM

JUST

$2.00

VOTE YES

medium II
SPORTS

The regular season is over-let the playoffs begin

by Darrin Griffiths, Dave Oh, and Moe Emanon

Rick Rude's Division

668 NOB demolished Bob by a 6-0 margin. NOB was led by Brian "Mel" Brooks who scored three goals and added one assist. He was closely followed by Tony Kruzel who had three assists.

The Punjab made the playoffs by defeating the Machines 7-1. Balraj Grewal had three goals and one assist while Beau Jandu netted two. Arv Aujla and Gogi Grewel also had two points each.

Jeff Smith had two points for the Machines in the loss.

Honky Tonk Man

The Dirty Dogs finished the season undefeated as they beat Bush Pigs 5-1. Ron Stratigopoulos had a hat trick and Alex Dimillo had two assists for the Dogs. Vojko Miklausic had the lone goal for the Bush Pigs.

Gangrene destroyed Descrazaiti by a score of 13-3. Scoring machine, Mike Trigiani, was held to two points. Gangrene's Mike DiFilipo had five points and Doug O'Mally had three. Mike Curren had a goal and an assist for Descraziati.

Mean Gene's Division

The Untouchables topped off an undefeated, untied season by downing the Devils 9-1. Farranato had five points to clinch his fourth scoring title in a row while the pre-season free agent Marco Berardi capped off a great season by contributing three goals and two assists.

Dan "Kaboom" Falcone netted his first on a floater. The Mirabelli brothers each contributed a goal and an assist.

Captain Paul "my knee hurts" Meyer of the Devils had the lone marker. The loss put the pressure on the Devils, as they had to defeat the Chiefs in order to make the post season dash for the cash.

This game also had an ugly moment when Lino Ventresca took it upon himself to do ankle surgery on one of the Devils.

In the game of the week, the Chiefs and the Devils faced off for the second time. The first meeting ended up 5-1 in favour of the Devils. With the winner going to post-season play and the loser going to the golf course, both teams came out tentative. The Chiefs jumped out to a two goal lead on goals by Val Wolfs and Jeff "Wagner" Lindsay.

Rocco Logozzo then replied for the Devils. After several minutes of exciting play in which the Devils hit the cross bar, Bruce "crybaby" O'Leary put the game away for the Chiefs.

The Timberwolves drowned the Steroid Sportsmen by a 6-1 score. Vik Sachev and Scott Wilson each netted two. The victory propelled the Wolves to the post season.

Taufic Saliba as well as the Steroid Sportsmen were escorted out of the South Building.

The Chiefs clinched second in the Mean Gene division by defeating the Gators 5-1. Don "nice tan" Troup netted three and Jeff "Wagner" Lindsay contributed three assists. The Gators deserve no press.

Jesse (The Body)'s Division

A rather lackluster game which saw the Fringe win, against a small herd of Sheep, 5-3. The game highlights were Mike "The Shepherd" Morosin between the pipes for the Screamers, and Dave "M-16" Oh in the penalty box for the Fringe. Morosin was extremely impressive in his first appearance as a goaltender, turning back sixty-four shots in the first half alone. Oh, however, was blacklisted and tossed out of the game for attempting to neuter one of the Sheep. Other than these few mishaps, the game was a bit of a sleeper, disturbed only by the eerie Sheep-shrill of a screaming goalie.

The other game saw the Dubies play against Members Only. This game kept the benches in the penalty box warm while the fans left to go and watch the snow fall. The player of the game award goes out to Doug "Johnny" Cash of the Dubies who bulged the twine once and assisted on two others. He was closely followed by teamate Shawn "Royal" Danton who found the mark twice. The Members Only responses came from Enzo Decozotto and Perry "Howie" Meeker.

Editors Note: Before you vote on anything concerning sports in the next few weeks, make sure you know the facts.

THE PLAYOFF BETTING LINE

Lunatic Fringe in three over the Timberwolves led by the Fringe's awesome offensive power in Darrin "Captain Qualude" Griffiths and Dave "Howitzer" Oh. The Timberwolves goalie should look forward to a barrage of shots. The Timberwolves led by hot shot Jim Admiral Romanko and Tiker "go for the kneecaps" Kenopic could provide the spark for their team's engine. This should be the best quarter-final series. Derrick "poet/ philosopher/ goalie" Hempel says Wolves in three.

Griff and Moe say the Chiefs in two. But Mr. Oh says the Dubies in three. Griff and Moe say the Chiefs, providing they stay out of the penalty box, will have a perrenial multitude of shots on Joe "I am not Italian" Fedel. Oh says the Chiefs have a weak defense and Brent "pass me the ball" Kilner likes to play left-wing. Oh says the stars are in the Dubie's quadrant.

668 NOB in three over Donsters Monsters. Led by the offensive power of Brian Brooks and John Tomzcak, NOB should be able to overpower the Monsters in the long run. However, Donsters have some scoring power of their own in Wilson Hatchet Man Lee and Donny "Monster Fallis". Lack of defense might hurt the Monsters.

Punjab Horsemen in two over Gangrene. The horsemen's potent offense led by Balraj Grewal and Beau Jandu will be too much for Gangrene's defense to handle. But the Horsemen will have to hold Mike "Grass Crew" Trigiani off the scoreboard.

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